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WOFFORD COLLEGE

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The Journal

WOFFORD COLLEGE

NOVEMBER NUMBER

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Dedication

HOME

"I'd give up a palace
If I were a king —
It's more than a palace,
It's my everything.
There's a queen waiting there
With silvery hair —
Down in that old home of mine."

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GIN

By T. H. Diseker

DURING the whole of a dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year, Don Poolen had been sitting by an open casement brooding over an epistle sent from Borski Atha. It had been twenty years — twenty long years since they had graduated from medical school and interned at the memorable Forsythe Infirmary, and neither had heard from the other in the intervening years.

"What could Borski Atha want? Could it be about that fiendish theory?" Don kept musing to himself.

The gloom outside, the impending storm, and the contents of the letter were too much for Don. They cast a dull, leaden hue over his whole spirit. He could not stand the insufferable depression any longer. He had to have something to relieve it, and being true to his profession interpersed his musings with hard liquors. He kept pouring over the facts as if he could not quite grasp the situation. It was growing darker outdoors, and the gloom seemed more impending. The words on the letter were fast becoming indiscernible. His eyes now registered only endless blots. His mind, too, could no longer manipulate the relating facts of the situation. He took another shot of gin, thinking it would relieve his muddled brain, and slumped back in his chair in a state of semi-somnolence.

There was something unreal, uncanny, about the whole situation. He remembered the details more distinctly now. The letter in its wildly importunate nature admitted no other than a personal reply. The manuscript gave evidence of a nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illnesses, of a mental aberration, and of an earnest desire to see his one and only personal friend, Donald Poolen. He must be off at once.

Immediately upon the arrival of the letter, Borski's awry idea of life came to Don. "Time, time, time. Just as it takes time for life to come into the world, so it takes time for it to depart," he had heard Borski propound habitually.

"Could that depraved idea still be preying on his mind?" thought Don as he began his journey toward the House of Atha.

Although they had been intimate associates, Don knew comparatively little of his friend. Borski's reserve had been so excessive and habitual. He was aware, however, that Borski was descended from an ancient family of illustrious physicians that traced an unbroken line back to the Medici. Old Hildegard Atha, the progenitor of the present line, being related to the Italian nobility through his mother Catherine, had received favor at the Italian Court for his flawless surgery, and had been given a huge estate bordering on the Bay of Naples. To this vast and sumptuous estate Borski Atha had fallen heir, and it was this estate that seemed to have stigmatized the whole Atha line; for as illustrious and all time honored as the Atha race had been, it had put forth no enduring branch since the acquisition of the manorial estate, the race having been marred by malforma-

tions, catalepsis and dementia—Borski himself, the last of the seeming cursed line, being hampered by his inexorable eccentricities.

As a student and intern, Borski had manifested the same brilliant and scintillating intellect that had so characterized his illustrious progenitor, Hildegard Atha, but because of his eccentricities and his freak theory concerning life, he was shunned by all the aspiring young physicians except Don.

After graduation their paths diverged, seemingly never to cross again, and it was only recently that Don had learned indirectly that Borski Atha had, immediately upon graduation, gone to his manorial estate and shut himself up in reclusion from which he seldom if ever sallied forth. Rumor had it that all these years he had been pursuing with indefatigable vigor some unfathomable theory. So assiduously and unintermittingly had Borski Atha been at this task that travelers from that part of the country said that one passing the Atha House any time of the day or night might find the light burning in his laboratory; and so true was this statement that throughout the years the house had become a veritable lighthouse for both sea and terrestrial travelers.

All these things and more, too, had been flitting through Don's mind as he and his horse trudged through mud flats and boggy swamps toward the House of Atha.

It was past twilight. The wind had now begun to rise, filling the hitherto placid bay with myriads of whitecaps, and bringing with it a few drops of rain. Flashes of static lightning sporadically rent the heavens, illuminating everything. The storm as well as the tide was coming in fast; and although each bolt of lightning illuminated the whole bay, the storm was still so far away that its concomitant thunder was not yet audible.

As Don and his horse neared the Atha House, a cold, clammy, uncanny feeling crept over him—a feeling that he had never had before. He wondered if it were really real; but he quickly dismissed this thought, contributing his insufferable gloom to the fast approaching equinoctial storm. The towers of the feudal mansion now loomed ghastly above the dark conifers. A gust of wind, bringing more rain with it, shot past him, setting up a mournful howl among the pines and firs. With this mournful sound was an accompanying undertone, in unison with the wailing pine trees, that was gradually growing in momentum and intensity. Suddenly his horse stopped, quivering. He himself froze in his tracks as the undertone superseded the howl of the pine trees and developed into a moaning cry more doleful and blood-curdling than any he had ever heard before; it sent icy shivers throughout his body, piercing even the marrow of his bones. The ravens roosting on the roof of the house appeared inordinately disturbed by it, and even the raging storm seemed momentarily quelled by the weird moan. The cry, after rising to its zenith, gradually lost its intensity, being finally absorbed in the moan of the trees, and was wafted away by another gust of wind just as quickly as it had risen.

"It was probably the wind in the upper stratum of the atmosphere," mused Don, trying to shake off the horror that pervaded his spirit, while he and his horse trudged on.

The lines of the house were more easily discernible now, and owing to the flashes

of recurring lightning the building could be scanned still more narrowly. The principal feature seemed to be that of excessive antiquity. A network of vines and fungi overspread the whole of the exterior, covering up the discoloration of ages. The house itself was situated upon what was once a small knoll between the sea on one hand and a dark fathomless morass on the other. During the decades that had passed since the erection of the structure there had been a recession of the land on an ingression of the water, for the house was now the only intervening object between the sea and the fen, both of which, wildly agitated by the increasing storm, were frantically gnawing at the foundation of the building, vainly trying to get to the other.

The rain was coming down in driving torrents. Don was now crossing the causeway —and only with an external intrepidity. A flash of lightning, succeeded by the roar of thunder, illuminated the heavens. The old feudal castle stood out bizarre-like in the ethereal light. A careful observer might have noticed that the driving rain, the wildly lashing ocean waves, and the agitated fen were all united in one purpose, frantically endeavoring to bring the House of Atha to its doom by pounding it to the ground.

Don had now reached the building. He had difficulty in finding the door, it was so completely covered with ivy. He lifted the knocker and hesitantly let it fall. To his surprise, the door immediately swung in, creaking on its hinges. Don's first glance, upon entering the door, was met squarely by the glazed, cadaverous look in the eyes of the doorman. He turned ghastly pale, shrank back in horror, and was at a loss of whether he should scream or rush back out into the howling storm. The footman without more ado turned mechanically and strode as an automaton down the long, black hall, his dim light casting phantasmagoric figures on the myriads of cobwebs and dust-covered armorial trophies. The swinging lantern seemed to beckon Don on. He followed reluctantly through many intricate passages to the studio of Borski Atha. As they walked down the long passage, a gust of wind rushed through the hall, setting up a synchronous clatter among the armorial bearings. Ordinarily this would have made Don cringe with abhorrence. He had now become immune to such trivial horrors and was prone to ignore it, he was so engrossed in the wan being he was following. Every step the doorman took sounded like the cracking of stiff canvas. Presently he stopped before a massive door, opened it mechanically, and turned halfway around toward Don. As he did so Don noticed a hideous unhealed wound, starting above his left ear and going zigzaggly across his skull and down his neck, only being terminated by the collar of the being's coarse frock. As he motioned Don to enter his lower jaw slid from its socket with the same grating sound that had characterized his walk, as if he intended to speak, disclosing a mouth full of horribly broken teeth, but no sound issued forth. Don rushed quickly past, avoiding the look of this seeming cadaver.

The room he was ushered into was a large one, having been old Hildegard Atha's saloon in the days of his glory. It had now been converted into both a library and a laboratory by Borski, but still contained the elaborate tapestries, the indescribable murals and the

luxurious draperies of former days, all of which bore a thick coating of dust. The room, though illy lighted, showed a state of turmoil and confusion. Books, papers, test tubes, flasks and other chemical apparatus were strewn profusely over the mahogany covered table and the ebony-like floor.

Borski, humped over, vainly absorbed in rummaging through old files and musty records in one corner of the room, was not aware of Don's presence until a sudden blast of wind whirled through the saloon, rending a tapestry from top to bottom and closing the door with a bang.

"God! Are you here? On such a night? I had hoped the storm had detained you," queried Borski, getting up from his slumped position among the papers in the corner and coming to greet Don with a vivacious warmth.

Don's first thought was that this greeting had been overdone, but a second glance at Borski Atha's countenance convinced him of perfect sincerity.

They sat down on the sofa and for some minutes did not speak. During the intervening moments, Don gazed at the wan being before him with a feeling of awe and pity, scarcely recognizing in him the companion of his boyhood days. Surely no man had been more severely altered in the length of time. His anemic look, his emaciated cheeks, the pallid lips down at the ends yet of beautiful curve, the aquiline nose, the large liquid eyes from which radiated a peculiar illumination, the finely molded chin devoid of all moral stamina, the receding forehead and unkempt, disheveled hair, all bore little resemblance to the Borski Atha of former days, and depicted to Don an inordinate physiognomy that could not easily be forgotten. The peculiar luster of the eye and the cadaverous skin particularly awed Don. The languid look gave evidence of a dulled brain —dulled by long years of intemperate living —indeed, it was the look of a lost drunkard or unclaimable opium sipper.

At last when Borski spoke it was but with tremulous indecision; in deep gutteral tones and a hollow-sounding intonation.

He spoke of long years of seclusion, about his prolonged biological research, and at last about his scrutinizing investigation of the autonomic nervous system upon which his theory of life was based.

As Borski began to speak, Don thought he heard a monotonous thudding sound as if someone were digging miles below the foundation of the house. The strokes were so habitual and so regular that they seemed to put the structure in sympathetic vibration with them.

" 'Tis nothing but a fancy," thought Don as the storm raged fiercer outside.

" 'Twas the pursuance of this theory," gasped Borski hesitatingly, that has so broken me in mind and spirit and made me this physical wreck that I am. I went on the assumption that just as it took from seven to nine months to instill life into the human body, it took a similar period to depart from it, and I thought that there should be some method of resuscitating the countless lives that each year are prematurely blotted by accidents and other reasons. I watched the senescence of a number of patients, noting always that the departure of life from the body was a dilatory process—in some cases even taking years. I thought of fit subjects

to experiment on, and finally decided upon those victims of accidents—those unfortunate wretches whose lives had been untimely snuffed out. I thought if I could restore the living substance to their bodies I would be doing a great benefit to humanity."

The muffled digging and the synchronous vibrations of the house seemed more distinct than ever to Don. The equinoctial storm was raging savagely outside—it was almost at its zenith. It was nearly high tide, and the wind was driving before it huge waves that lashed wildly against the base of the building, falling back into the surging tide with the roar of a thousand thunders.

"After an extensive study of the cerebrum, the medulla, the cortex and the autonomic and sympathetic nervous systems," continued Borski in a voice more void and leaden than before, seeming undisturbed by the raging elements, "I devised an electro-chemical fluid from the analyzed products of the nerve and brain tissues, believing this to be the protoplasm, or the living substance. This fluid, when injected into my pet cat, killed purposely for the experiment, at once resuscitated him."

At that moment an infernal black cat with an open, unhealed gash in its forehead, comparable to the hideous wound on the fiendish being that had ushered Don in, was seemingly precipitated out of space onto the paper-strewn floor, sending a cold, feverish wave over Donald Poolen.

Borski, heedless of this uncanny omen, the raging storm, and the ever increasing thudding, continued in the same dead monotone. "I was so exulted over this find that I failed to analyze the result thoroughly, deciding to try this discovery immediately on human subjects. I secured two horribly mutilated bodies—the unfortunate victims of a tunnel explosion—and set to work at once. First I submerged them in huge vats of formaldehyde, thinking it would make their skin more pliable, but seeing this had no effect, I injected the electro-chemical fluid at once.

"Ah! 'Twas an ill omen that instigated me to make that superficial analysis and inject that fatal fluid," rasped Borski hopelessly.

The sound of the digging and the turbulent storm had reached insuperable proportions. Don was frenzied by this time. He could restrain himself no longer. "The digging! The digging! Do you hear it?" he gasped frantically.

"Hear it!" leered Borski diabolically, "for eighteen long years I've heard it—heard it twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year. Digging, digging, digging—always digging. It is just the point I was getting to. You see, animal behavior, for the most part, is fixed. This is what I overlooked in my analysis," mourned Borski dolefully. "Inherited patterns constitute the bulk of animal behavior. While the cat could perform all of his actions with ease because they were 'unlearned,' these regenerated beings that I have devised can only perform that action that they have learned. All their actions are reflex actions. No new reflex arcs can be set up in their cortex. They are doomed forever to do only those actions that they have done in the past. They are living automatons."

Borski's voice now contained a satanic hue and was gradually rising in pitch in order to

be heard over the ever increasing din of the digging and the storm.

"Mordi, the being that ushered you in, had been a locktender in the tunnel until that infernal blast almost decapitated him. All he has ever done or all he will ever do is to open doors. He is incapable of responding to any other stimuli. He is a doomed automaton."

Borski spoke now only with difficulty. His sentences were broken—coming only in fitful spurts.

"Rasputin," he continued, "the demented being you hear digging in the vault below, was a mucker in the tunnel. He has never done anything but dig. Digging, digging, digging—always digging. Digging all hours of the day and night. Digging without losing a motion. He has been digging with superhuman vigor eighteen long years, ever since that fiendish fluid was injected into his body. I have tried every means imaginable to destroy this demon. I have saturated him with hot, concentrated acid, covered his body with liquid fire, but all to no avail. During these years his unrelenting digging has excavated an unfatomable subterranean cavern below this structure. He has undermined one by one the piles on which this house is built. The last time I was down there he was vainly trying to dislodge the one remaining pile. The House of Atha is doomed with the dislocating of that timber. I tell you he is extracting that last pile now," rasped Borski, wild-eyed, feeling the house quiver and then slip on its base. At the same time there rose out of the tumult of the storm the same doleful, blood-curdling moan that had so inordinately terrified Don upon his entrance into the Atha grounds. It was now, however, more uncanny, more intense, and more weird than before, and a lurid, nebulous light accompanied it.

" 'Tis the cry of the banshee," shrieked Borski. "It was written in the archives by old Hildegard that the House of Atha was doomed by a satanic fell spirit and would be terminated thus. I was not aware of this fact until a few minutes before your arrival. It was this that I was absorbed in when you came in. Why did I send for you?" wailed Borski.

" 'Tis the denouement," shrieked Don as they both rushed to the window and flung open the casement.

Down below they saw that the wild waves of the fen and the ocean had at last united completely, inundating the causeway and the surrounding lowlands, cutting off all means of escape. The structure was slipping down, down, down. Two wailing cries more desolate and forlorn than that of the banshee issued forth from the dwelling, intermingled with the din of the storm, and died away forever. The wild waters of the fen and the tide rolled over the House of Atha.

"God! but that was a foul dream," gasped Don, rousing himself and closing the casement to keep the rain from pouring in. "Give me another shot of that gin quick. My head is splitting open."

ON ACCIDENTS

(Caused by Banana Peelings Left On the Streets by Consumers, and the Subsequent Danger to the Public Produced Thereby)

By J. B. Cannon

I EARNESTLY BELIEVE that I am thoroughly qualified in stating without fear of effective contradiction that one of the most terrible vices known to mankind is that of throwing banana peelings on the street. Ever since the creation of the universe, man has been afflicted with heartless wretches who appear to derive a keen delight from leaving in their tracks the unpleasant tasting portions of the tropical fruit known to English speaking people as bananas.

Such things as war, bank failures, revolutions, yellow fever, reducing, and depressions have all had their turn in shattering the nerves of the public, but the evil under discussion has always shattered its nerves — and has shattered other things besides nerves.

Although the innocent world has always been subject to this overwhelming menace to society, it has never taken effective steps in the direction of an alteration of the existing situation other than to produce a certain brand of cigarette intended to relieve the resulting embarrassment, but which, according to reports from the users, fails to relieve the pain caused by the resulting contact with the underlying asphalt.

In view of the fact that the public has allowed this predicament to continue as an unsolved problem, I have succeeded in persuading myself to take the initiative and to form several plans for the relief of the existing conditions.

The first plan, which, incidentally, is no more important than those which shall follow, is very simple and convenient, in that no appalling amount of expenditure is involved and that it would not call for any committees appointed by the mayor. The idea is to awaken the minds of the public to the ever-present peril confronting every man, woman and child as a result of banana peelings lying unchaperoned in the streets of the city. Circulars could be circulated throughout the residential sections, speeches could be made over the radio, and political aspirants could build their platforms around this issue.

Another plan which I consider quite adaptable is the presentation of benefit performances in the theatres. Admittance to see Greta Garbo or Laurel and Hardy to everyone depositing a dozen full-grown banana peelings in the large box in the right-hand side of the lobby would serve to a great extent to bring relief to suffering humanity.

Still another plan which would not help to relieve the situation as far as the actual throwing of the banana peelings on the streets is concerned, but which would relieve some of the suffering, is to provide people on every corner to pick up the victims after they have fallen. This matter could probably be best attended to by the Ladies Uplift Society.

I have in mind many other methods of relief, but which are too numerous to be described in detail. I state some of them briefly

as follows: Branding banana eating as a thing not to be done in the best of families, putting a tax on bananas, and putting on all bananas a chemical which will cause the peelings to stick to the hands.

I believe that if all of these plans are carried out in the minutest detail, it will serve to banish the accidents caused by banana peelings, and will probably bring back prosperity, for it is my theory that banana peelings on the corners is the thing that has kept prosperity from getting all the way around the corner.

BLUFF

By J. W. Norton

A FEW pedestrians hurrying along the pavement, guided by the sad, wan lights of the street lamps; a few bleared, yellow headlights in the fog; taxis rattling and splashing by; a clock somewhere striking nine; thin misting rain; raw chill of heavy, humid air; thin vapors of fog, swirling and eddying; the sky lined with a drab mass of low-hanging clouds; a sense of bleakness, loneliness, misery.

The white wraiths swirled like a heavy cloak in the wind, around the old grey house surmounted by high gables. Moisture dripped from the eaves.

A shadow, moving slowly along the pavement, stopped, stole a glance up and down the empty street, vanished around the house. A scraping sound, the creak of rusted hinges, the low, dull thud as the door of the coal shute fell back in place.

Within the cellar darkness a ray of light flashed on, exploring the walls, and finally came to rest on the stairway. The light snapped off and a moment later the stairs creaked shrilly. The blurred shape cursed under his breath. A subdued sigh of relief told that he had reached the landing. The door opened and softly closed on the dank darkness of the cellar.

The library door of the old house on Brooklyn Heights opened slowly. A man stepped in. His overcoat and hat were dripping rain. He looked swiftly around him. His quick glance caught the gleam of a steel knob in the firelight. Quickly he crossed over to the safe in the wall. He examined it closely. It would be a simple matter, given thirty minutes.

He turned back to the fire, removed his hat and coat. He was dressed immaculately. Benny took more pride in his appearances than most safe-crackers. His eyes were set too close together, mere slits in his face. He sported a little waxed mustache. His lips were thin, colorless.

Benny chuckled as he warmed his well-kept hands by the crackling flames. Rather decent for his unsuspecting host to leave his uninvited guest a nice, cozy fire before leaving for the opera. His glance wandered around the luxuriously furnished room with envy.

"Some layout!" he muttered.

On the table was a decanter and a glass. Benny poured himself a drink. He smacked his lips.

"Scotch! The real stuff!"

The room was warm and comfortable. Benny drew up a chair and poured himself another drink. He helped himself to one of his absent host's cigarettes, lying back in the soft cushions, at peace with the world.

Benny was mentally patting himself on the back. He told himself that he was a smart crook. No doubt of it. After this night's work he would be a wealthy man.

A gust of cold wind chilled his spine.

"Drat it!" he said, getting up with reluctance. One of the French windows was open.

"What th' ——!" he exclaimed. Just inside the window stood a man. He was tall and heavily built. His jowls hung in folds of fat. His eyes were small. Pig eyes.

"What the Dickens are you doing here?" demanded Benny.

"I might ask the same of you," said the big fellow. "What do you think you're doing in my house?"

"Your house!"

"Yes, my house."

"Do people usually enter their houses through the windows?"

"I lost my key. Say, little bit, what are you trying to pull off here? You have your nerve, sitting there smoking my cigarettes, drinking my liquor, and telling me where to get off,—and in my house, too."

"Listen, are you nuts, or are you just trying to bluff? This is my house, see? Now get out before I call the police," retorted the little man.

The big fellow glared at him.

"Go ahead, telephone the police. What are you waiting on? Think you can kick me out of my own house?"

"Now, listen, you big bum, I've had enough of your lip. You think you can come blundering into a man's house and bluff him out. I know what you are, you're a thief, and if you don't go double quick I'm going to turn you up."

"Sa-a-ay, you little rat," sneered the big fellow, "you are just another would-be clever crook. Get out! You can't bluff me. This is my house, see? My house!"

The big fellow advanced, threateningly, on Benny. Neither saw the door quietly open.

"Put 'em up!" rasped the newcomer, a tall, slender fellow.

The two of them turned to view the intruder. He carried his coat slung loosely over his right arm; poked out from beneath the folds of the coat was the wicked looking muzzle of an automatic.

"See here, what does this mean?" he said. "A thieves convention? Get out of here before I call the police! It's got so that an honest man can't leave his house without a bunch of cut-throats, lowbrows, thieves and bums making it their headquarters."

"Listen, you," retorted Benny, "you two thieves can't bluff me. Get out—both of you! This is my house!"

"You two long-eared imitations of a jackass give me a pain," said the big man. "Shut up and clear out of my house."

The newcomer picked up the telephone.

"I'll give you one last chance," he said. "Clear out, or I call the police."

"G'wan, brother, call 'em," said the big man, "and I'll turn you two crooks up. Smart crooks! Huh! Smart alecks!"

"Shut up!" grated the newcomer. He flourished his revolver, and keeping them covered, lifted the telephone receiver.

"Westover 1699-J."

The big man and Benny looked at each other blankly.

"Police headquarters? Mr. Stanton speaking. Yes, there are two thieves in my house. Yes, Hendricks Drive, 4119. Right away? Thank you."

He carefully replaced the receiver on the hook.

"Now, you birds be quiet until the wagon comes." He helped himself to a cigarette.

As the last sounds of the patrol wagon died away, he laid his coat on the chair, crossed to the wall safe, carefully twirled the knobs, his ear close, listening, feeling for the fall of tumblers.

Minutes passed.

"Ah!"

The safe door swung outward. There was a glitter of jewels.

The street door closed behind "Gentleman Jim," best safe breaker in Brooklyn. Nonchalantly he swung along the wet pavement until he was lost in the fog that lazily curled upward in indolent spirals from the street.

A NEW PATRIOTISM

By Frederic R. Atkinson

IN SPITE of the fact that we are passing through a long era of growth in learning which is remarkably increasing in intensity, a doubt constantly creeps into our minds that civilization is really advancing in the same ratio as education. Worse still, some people would like to know whether we are educating for criminals or citizens. It is not an absurd question, but only a type of inventory which deserves thought.

Prejudice is a sign of ignorance, and broad-mindedness a sign of intelligence—an adage and generalization with which all are familiar. But using it as a basis, two tests could easily determine whether we are advancing or declining: (1) How great is our ability to discard old ideas and prejudices and to accept the more reasonable and practical? (2) Are we actually using our mental rather than physical training to do things more efficiently and conveniently?

The application is simple. If we are advancing we are able to discard the old and crude idea that patriotism is strictly a chivalrous willingness to go to the front at the moment international pugnacity is manifested, that patriotism is a formality and respect observed for the stars and stripes. That was

the old conception of patriotism, whose creed was, "Our country, be she ever right; but right or wrong, our country." If we are advancing we are able to settle international disputes and misunderstandings by profound concentration and arbitration rather than the crude physical means of the man to man, nation to nation fight.

Back in the days of Queen Elizabeth, an exuberance and passion for exploration and discovery, prompted by a love of country, was instilled in the English, which resulted in the beginning of nationalism and competition for sway in the new world. That was the type of patriotism which made England the mistress of nations. The more narrow conception of patriotism which is hard to be removed from many stubborn minds originated during the American Revolution. At that time the only possible way for the burdened colonists to secure the rights of independence was to fight for them. Such a spirit of fighting patriotism has been brought down to us through the succeeding generations. It is in our veins, a born instinct. We declare that our government must protect the property, the lives, and the honor of its citizens in other lands by all possible means, including resort to war.

Preceding our entrance into the World War, Secretary Bryan suggested that the president issue a proclamation warning American citizens to stay out of the barred zone, and to warn them that if they went, it was on their own risk. The old plan of patriotism was followed which exacted a toll of one hundred thousand young Americans and cost more than thirty-five billion dollars. We now look to the international peace conferences, hoping that after fourteen years of peace the old idea will be abandoned.

The true patriot of today should serve his country more or less in a statesmanlike way. We have our independence and need no more war heroes. Today, when the nations of earth are struggling beneath the weight of unprecedented economic burdens, there is a vivid realization of interdependence. Back in the sixties we learned that state was dependent upon state, and today we are at the point where nations are dependent upon nations. A wonderful opportunity is afforded during this world-wide depression to bring nations to a point of complete harmony and brotherhood. To grasp such an opportunity is the duty of the statesman, pacifist, and modern patriot.

But there must be some discrimination. All cannot go to Europe as American representatives; all cannot go to Washington to solve our economic problems; all cannot direct our state legislation; but all can take upon themselves the responsibility of citizenship, of patriotism. The duties are numerous and easily overlooked. A citizen should be law-abiding, up-to-date with payment of taxes, well informed on current events, and especially those pertaining to government, an intelligent voter, a source of support rather than criticism, and a close observer of the Golden Rule. Such is a citizen and a patriot. Their duties are identical. A man who fails to pay his taxes or obey the law casts a reflection upon his patriotism and insults the national emblem with his salute. The flag today is reaching out to those Americans who have not yet accepted the new version of patriotism and who are subject to the growth

in learning, challenging them to patriotic conversions of better citizenship and leadership. When I pass the flag and hesitate respectfully it seems to whisper in the breeze the immortal words of Marden:

"God give us men.
A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts,
True faith, and ready hands,
Men who have honor,
Men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking,
Tall men, sun-crowned,
Who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

DOUBLE MURDER

By E. C. Lancaster

THE MOON was just rising over the fretted edge of the snow-covered mountains, and spread its beams over the earth, leveled with the drifting snow. The little storm of flurrying flakes had ceased, and the clouds had passed away, unveiling the myriad host of stars, which, by the aid of the moon, reflected upon the sparkling snowflakes.

Charles Steadman, affected by the beauty of the landscape and the shining moon, walked briskly up the steps of one of the most beautiful homes in Salon. He was a tall, stalwart, dark-haired young man, and was one of the most promising young citizens of Salon. The cold, healthy air gave him a feeling of vivacity and pep, and the very fact that he was about to see Dot was quite enough to make him feel like a million dollars. He was a cashier of the small but secure Bank of Salon.

He rang the bell. In a moment a jolly young girl was seen descending the stairs. She was of medium height, with light naturally curly hair, and dark blue eyes. The very sight of her made Charles' heart beat with a peculiar joy that told him that he was in love. Dot was the most beautiful girl in Salon, and was particularly noted for her bravery in staying at home alone each night. Her mother had died when she was fourteen, and her father kept late office hours. She opened the door and greeted Charles with an accustomed smile.

"Well, it is New Years Eve at last," smiled Charles as he entered. "It seems like ages since last night."

"It doesn't seem like an hour ago to me, either; I am so glad you have come."

"Dot, I feel so happy. You know, this is New Years Eve, and next year is leap year, so I have something very important to say to you."

"That's right, you had better use your privilege while it's yours, because I sure am going to take advantage of mine," she laughed.

"It's like this. You see, we have been

knowing each other all our lives. Dot, I used to love you when we were in high school. We've lived close together, and have been brought up in the same neighborhood, and now that we are grown, and I have a good job at the bank, we have been seeing each other regularly for the last six months. Can't you see, Dot, I love you? I want you to marry me. I know you can't refuse."

"But father."

"Oh, it will be all right with him. He realizes that you cannot remain a young girl all your life."

"But you remember what enemies your father and mine were. Ever since their quarrel father has hated your father. He hates you, too, and almost forbids me to see you."

"He can't hold that against me, Dot. That all ended at dad's death. I am not responsible for any of that hatred."

"Yes, but father does not see it that way. He thinks that all the Steadmans are the same. I am sorry, Charles, for I love you, but you see it would not be quite fair to father without his consent."

"I tell you what I'll do—I'll go to your father and explain everything. He can't be so cruel as to say no. I will go right now. He must consent. He will have to. I will be back later. Unless—"

Charles hurried out to his car. That last word lingered in Dot's mind. She pondered its meaning over and over. It bothered her. She couldn't understand what it meant. At last she sat down and tried to ease her nervousness and wait. She knew her father too well to have the slightest hope that he would even see Charles. There remained nothing for her to do but to wait and pray. Ten o'clock came. She had no news. Ten-thirty. She was getting more nervous. She decided she would call her father. She called his office. No one answered. "He must be on his way home," she thought; "I will just wait on him." Eleven o'clock, yet her father had not come. He was always home before eleven o'clock, and never left his office before he started home. She called Charles. No one answered. Eleven-fifteen. She became frantic. She put on her coat and rushed to her car. The streets were comparatively clear of people, except for a few serenaders who were celebrating with all sorts of obnoxious sounding fireworks. She arrived at the drug store which her father owned, and over which he, as the local doctor, had his office. Quickly mounting the stairs, she flung open the door. There lay her father with his head on his hands over the desk. There were a few drops of blood about his left shoulder. A thirty-two was lying near the door. Dot gave a scream and fainted.

A policeman, who happened to be in front of the drug store, heard the cry and ran up the steps to see what had happened. When he saw Dr. Sandlin and Dot he rushed to the phone in the office and called the sheriff. He picked up the gun and looked at it. On the handle was a brass plate on which was written, "The Bank of Salon." One cartridge was discharged. The sheriff arrived and had Dot properly cared for, taking special care that she was kept quiet and as calm as possible.

The murderer seemed evident. A coroner's jury must be held, so the sheriff ordered that the office be locked and that nothing be moved till morning.

Quite a crowd had gathered around the drug store, as it was about time for the midnight show, and a lot of young people had just arrived for it. When the sheriff told the crowd what had happened the whole group was very much moved. Some said that they had been in the drug store and saw Charles with a determined look go up to Dr. Sandlin's office about nine-thirty, but said that they did not hear the shot, as there was so much noise outside. They stated that he came down in about ten minutes, got in his car, and drove away. A couple of reporters were asking innumerable questions of both the sheriff and the crowd. The sheriff with two men went to Steadman's home to arrest him. He was not at home. His car was gone.

The next morning the news had spread like wildfire. The police were searching everywhere for Mr. Steadman.

James Brooks, a young detective from Charlotte, who had been a classmate of Charles, and who had been connected with his work, saw of his friend's misfortune in the paper and rushed to Salon to give assistance to his friend. He arrived just after the coroner's jury had reached a decision. He asked permission to take up the case in order to free his friend. They reluctantly allowed him to enter, but told him that he was wasting his time, as it was evident who the murderer was.

The jury left, and Mr. Brooks remained by himself in the office. He observed closely the murdered man. Then he went through some of his papers and books. After about three hours, he left the office, went to the Sandlin home and interviewed Dot, and then came back to the drug store.

"Give me a cigar," he demanded of one of the clerks.

"Yes, sir; what kind?"

"A Consumo."

The clerk then took the box out of the showcase and placed it before the detective.

"It seems that this is a new brand of cigars. Is this the first box that you have tried to sell?"

"Yes, sir; we just got it in yesterday. It is supposed to be a good cigar. They say that when you finish smoking it and throw it away that it will keep on burning till it is consumed. This prevents the spreading of disease."

"It seems that you have sold only one."

"Yes, sir; we sold the first one yesterday."

"Do you remember to whom you sold that cigar?"

"Well, yes. I sold it to Jake Gowin. You see, this is such a small town that I am acquainted with all of our customers, and I remember that Jake bought that cigar."

"This man Gowin is the head of a gang of bootleggers, isn't he?"

"Well, they have caught him twice for selling liquor."

"Thanks. Would you mind telling me where the sheriff's office it?"

"Sure. The court house is on the corner of the second block down there, and his office is the first room on the right."

The young detective walked briskly down to the court house. He opened the door of the sheriff's office and walked in. The sheriff was out, so he sat down. In a few minutes the sheriff came in. He had a wide smile on his face as he stepped in the door and said,

"We have got your man. He was in his hunting lodge back in the mountains."

"Just a moment. Are you sure he is the man you want?"

"Absolutely, without the shadow of a doubt."

"I rather disagree with you. I have known Charles Steadman for a long time, and I know that he did not commit this crime."

"My friend, we cannot rely upon character; we must have facts, sufficient evidence, to free a man."

"I am glad you take that aspect of the situation, because I have enough facts to show who the murderer is."

"If you can prove that Charles Steadman did not kill Dr. Sandlin you are a better detective than I think you are."

"Do you know what killed Dr. Sandlin?"

"Of course. Anyone could see that he was shot to death by the 32 that belonged to Steadman."

"That shot did not kill the doctor. If you will notice, the bullet pierced his cardiac artery. This is one of the largest arteries of the body, and if it had been pierced while the victim was alive there would have been a great loss of blood. As it happened, there was not much blood. This makes me believe that the bullet did not kill the doctor, but that he was already dead when he was shot. It was a double murder. The shot and the gun were used only to avert the suspicion from the real murderer to someone else. The gun was probably stolen from Charles' car by someone who knew that he carried a gun to protect the money that he often transported from the bank. The murderer saw his chance to turn the suspicion on Charles, when he saw him go up to the doctor's office, so he stole the gun and went up later and shot his victim after he was already dead. He left the revolver in the room to bring direct evidence on the owner."

"But why did Charles Steadman leave town?"

"Miss Sandlin told me that he was going to ask her father to consent to their marriage, and that her father was angry with him and would probably refuse. If he did refuse, I imagine that Charles went away where he could be quiet and think the situation over. The next day was a holiday anyway."

"Yes, but who was the murderer, and how did he do his work?"

"That was easy. You noticed that the doctor was smoking a Consumo cigar. These cigars are guaranteed to burn up after you finish smoking them. This is to prevent the spread of disease. I first noticed that the cigar the victim was smoking burned only half way up. This was a direct clue. Then I noticed in his papers that he had been appointed chairman of the Allied Citizens' Drive Against Liquor Traffic. I learned from Miss Sandlin that he had been trying to drive the liquor interests out of town."

"But how did the cigar come in?"

"I inspected the end of the cigar, and found some small crystals. I examined them closely and discovered that they were oxalic acid crystals. When oxalic acid is heated it decomposes into two very poisonous gases and water. The water extinguished the cigar before all of the crystals could be consumed. A small portion of the gas would kill a man. I then went to the drug store and found that

there had been only one cigar sold. It had been sold to Jake Gowin, who had loaded it with the poison, and had given it to Dr. Sandlin. He evidently thought if he could get rid of Dr. Sandlin his business would be safe, so he took a chance. Now, let's go and free the prisoner."

As they walked down the hall of the jail they saw a young girl dressed in black, standing before one of the cells. She was talking to one of the prisoners.

"I shall always believe you, dear; I know that you did not do it."

It was Dot.

AN OUTSTANDING ASSOCIATE OF WASHINGTON — PULASKI

By Richard F. Cecil

THE YEAR 1932 is a year especially set aside to the memory of General George Washington, the Father of our country and the greatest soldier of the Revolution. In this year we also think about the lives of the other great men with whom General Washington was associated. In this particular group of men there were several foreign soldiers and statesmen. Casimir Pulaski was one of the most outstanding men of this number. He was born in Podalia, Poland, on March 4, 1748. His family was one of the most influential and outstanding of the nobility.

As a very young man Pulaski showed his skill and courage in the art of war. Along with his father and brothers, he took the part of Poland against Russia. Because of his numerous exploits, he was recognized as the chief Polish military Patriot. Later he was charged with an attempt to abduct the king, and as a result of this accusation his estates were confiscated, he was outlawed, and a price was put on his head. (Incidentally, recent historians have freed him of all connection with the proposed abduction.) Pulaski then fled to Turkey, but was refused admission by the sultan. He then went to Paris.

It was at Paris that he first met Dr. Franklin. After several interviews, in which he learned of the attempt of the American people to win their independence, Pulaski decided to come to America. In 1777 he enlisted as a volunteer in the American army. Within a very few days of his enlistment, the Battle of Brandywine took place. It was in this conflict that the military courage and knowledge of Pulaski was fully revealed to General Washington. As a result of his part in this struggle, Pulaski was appointed by Congress to the command of the American cavalry, with the rank of brigadier-general.

Shortly afterwards, when the American army was fighting near Warren's Tavern, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, he saved them from complete surprise by the British forces. He also fought in the Battle of Germantown and helped General Anthony Wayne to defeat the British at Haddonfield, New Jersey. Because of the fact that the soldiers could

not become accustomed to a commander who could scarcely speak English, General Pulaski resigned his commission in March and returned to Valley Forge, where he was assigned to special duty.

Some time later, at his suggestion and with the approval of General Washington, he was authorized to raise and command an independent corps numbering 68 horse and 200 foot, in which even deserters and prisoners of war might enlist. He had such success in recruiting men that his number reached 350. This body of soldiers was divided into three companies of infantry and three companies of cavalry. This corps, which came mainly from in and around Baltimore, became famous under the name of Pulaski's Legion. While raising this corps, he visited Lafayette, who was wounded, and was being taken care of by the Moravian nuns at Bethlehem. When the nuns were informed of Pulaski's efforts, they made a crimson silk banner, beautifully wrought by their own hands, and sent it to Pulaski, with their blessing. The General gratefully accepted this gift and carried it with him through many fierce and stormy battles. This is the incident which Longfellow has so beautifully preserved in his "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner."

In the autumn Pulaski was ordered to Little Egg Harbor. Here a German deserter, named Gustav Juliet, who was a subordinate commander and who held a grudge against the commander of the infantry, reported the plans to the British, who made a night attack. Pulaski heard the noise and tumult of battle and hurriedly assembled the cavalry and finally drove the British back, however, with the loss of forty of his own legion. During the winter he was stationed at Minisink, New Jersey. Here he became dissatisfied with his petty command and would have returned to Europe had it not been for the persuasion of General Washington.

He was ordered to Charleston on May 8, 1779. At this time Charleston was infested with 900 British soldiers of the army of General Prevost. Pulaski attacked, but he was repelled. The governor and the city authorities were ready and willing to give up the city, but Pulaski held out, against their will, until aid came on May 13th. Prevost retreated that same night across the Ashley River, and Pulaski continued on the enemy's flanks until they had left South Carolina.

Although he had frequent attacks of malarial fever, he remained in service and joined General John McIntosh at Augusta about the middle of September, and moved with him to Savannah in advance of General Benj. Lincoln's army. Pulaski captured an enemy post and established connections with the French fleet at Beaufort. During the siege of Savannah he commanded the combined forces of the cavalry of the Americans and the French. In the fighting at Savannah, October 9, 1779, while riding at the head of the cavalry, he received a shot in his right thigh. When his crimson silk banner fell it was recovered by his first lieutenant (who received fourteen wounds) and sent to Captain Bentalon, who took it home to Baltimore. (It is now in Peale's Museum of that city.) Pulaski's soldiers rode back through the smoke and tumult of battle and brought out their

wounded commander. He was put on board the battleship "Wasp." He died on October 11th as the ship was leaving the harbor.

Pulaski's body was buried under a large tree on St. Helen's Island, about fifty miles off the coast of Georgia, by his first lieutenant and personal friend, Charles Litomiski. Funeral services were held in Charleston on November 29th. Congress voted a monument to the memory of General Pulaski, but as yet the monument has not been erected. The citizens of Savannah erected a shaft to him, the cornerstone of which was laid by General Lafayette in 1824, when he revisited America. The monument was completed in 1855.

EVERYBODY LOVES LOVE-DROPS

ANONYMOUS

SHE was a cute little thing—stood just five feet nine in her dainty little shoes —size eight and a half. But her sparkling eyes and laughing countenance bespoke her presence even before her size was noticed. "Love-Drops" was at the same time the belle and the fear of the summer school campus—everybody wanted to be around her — her scintillating personality made big and little feel at home; but also her formidible size warned the little man "beware."

She was a physical ed. instructor—that explained her perfectly proportioned shoulders, bust, hips, legs, and—woe is me—her arms. But whenever anybody felt in a playful mood, as summer school students will do, Love-Drops was called for. That explained her immense popularity.

It was Ducky-Wucky—alas—who christened this campus mammoth "Love-Drops" and was struck as by a boomerang by the horrible cognomen that he had to bear. Ducky-Wucky was two inches shorter than his lady love, also sprightly, not so brilliant, but a connoisseur of "what the ladies want."

Still another character must be delineated, dear reader, before Love-Drops' antics on the campus can be narrated. This was, shall I say it—Lovey-Dovey, Ducky-Wucky's roommate—also christened by that popular young lady because he persisted in backing up his room-mate's name for Love-Drops. Lovey-Dovey was rather handsome, in a superficial sort of way. He was a crack athlete, a power. He appealed to the hero-worship of big hearted Love-Drops.

There were other men in her life, but never a word of scandal blighted the fair name of Love-Drops. She was everybody's pal. Because these hangers-on merely basked in the radiant sunshine which emanated from our heroine, they gradually drop into significance.

"Er — er — pardon — Goo'bye," — the running man gave a furtive glance behind, gulped, dashed on. Ducky-Wucky recovered his composure.

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry,"—he felt dazed. This

time he looked up into the laughing face of —Love-Drops. She paused for breath, yelled at the fleeing pants, "I'll get you yet, you ignoramus!"

"Are explanations to strangers in order?" the not yet Ducky-Wucky ventured. Love-Drops drew herself up to her full height. Ducky-Wucky cowered. She burst into a merry guffaw.

"Well, the runt you see running yonder had the audacity to call me Big Bertha—but I'll fix him." She brandished a wicked arm.

Ducky-Wucky gulped. "You're not so big."

"Pal!"

"My pet antipathy."

"Your which?"

"Well, whatever y' call bein' called *pal*."

"You're not Mr. Originality by any chance?"

"Say, can't we come down to earth, and maybe introductions are in order. I'm Jack Reeves—goin' to summer school to make up extra credit to finish Mr. Wilson's College for the higher education of the Christian Ideals of young American manhood in three years—you?"

She whewed. "After a speil like that, I feel left out in the cold. To the contrary notwithstanding, I have just graduated from N. W. C., and have accepted a job as physical ed. instructor at Garville—shake."

"Your name?"

"And you a perfect stranger!"

A devilish light brightened up Jack's small orbs. "Okay—if that's the way you feel about it. I'll call you Love-Drops."

She jerked away the friendly hand—"Oh, no you won't."

"Wanta bet—Love-Drops?"

The ice was broken. Now they could begin slamming each other in earnest.

They sauntered classward.

Love-Drops, however, couldn't saunter long in silence. Silence had a peculiar way of being incompatible with her particular brand of vivacity. She broke it. "Going to the dance tonight?"

"I dunno."

"Complimentary, to say the least."

"Well, you see, it's a helluva lotta trouble to dress, and bathe, and shave, and walk to the Union to dance till 10:45."

"Correct. Continue."

"Must I confess?—I haven't gotta ticket. These co-ed dances where a fellow has to be invited by a girl are tough. Poor guys like me always get left out."

"Don't you worry, darlin'. I'll give you my stag bid," Love-Drops hissed gutterally.

"Really? And me a perfect stranger?" They laughed.

"My hand on it, sir."

"Ye gods, it's 8:10—the last bell's probably already rung. See you at the ball, m' dear." They parted.

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At the dance, Jack Reeves wandered around the floor, gazing skyward. At last he found the object of his search. Cut in.

"Hello—Love-Drops."

"Hello"—hesitation, smile of enlightenment—"Ducky-Wucky."

The blow struck home. "Ducky-Wucky" stopped in the middle of the crowded floor—cringed, reddened, glanced furtively around to be sure nobody had heard her. "You can't

get away with that." He tried to laugh. Somebody cut in.

The newly christened Ducky-Wucky hastened to find his room-mate. He needed moral support. Successful—but before he could explain, Lovey-Dovey interrupted. "Come on, don't be stingy. Introduce me to that 'queen' you were telling me about. With sinking heart, Ducky-Wucky acquiesced.

"Hello—so you're Love-Drops?"

The girl glared at him. "Who told you that?"

"My room-mate, Jack Reeves. Boy, I've been hearing all about you—Love-Drops," teasingly.

"Have it your own way," peevishly. Then, "I've got it, I'll call you Lovey-Dovey and him Ducky-Wucky. L'il Lovey-Dovey and Ducky-Wucky." She seemed pleased. He didn't. Relief, somebody cut in. She was a popular girl.

"Well, you wouldn't let me warn you," was all the help he got from his room-mate.

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Love-Drops, however, remained Love-Drops in the hearts of the two room-mates. Each vied with the other in seeing which could advertise the fact more widely. The name suited her—everybody loved Love-Drops.

At last Ducky-Wucky succeeded in getting a date with the object of his affections. It was a tennis date. And did she wield a wicked racket? The score was 6-2, 6-1, 6-3, Love-Drops on the upper end. Ducky-Wucky was chagrined—letting a girl beat him at tennis. If anybody found it out he would be the laughing stock of the campus. He reassured himself, though, by declaring that he was chivalrous—that a gentleman was honor-bound to let a lady win in such matches. Yeah!

Love-Drops was encouraging. "Women adore men who are failures—they lean on one so."

"Ah, so you read Oscar Wilde?" He was cheered so much.

She countered. "But I'm a 'good woman.' "

"But you're more than a 'good woman'—you're perfect."

"Ducky-Wucky! This is *so* sudden."

He had committed himself. No longer could he be a silent worshipper from afar, the battle was in the open. She broke the intervening pause, "Come on, let's go to the Dope Shop, you owe me a coke—I won it."

"In fact I owe you three."

"Forget it—all but the one, I'm thirsty."

Ducky-Wucky proceeded to be a failure—in everything concerning Love-Drops. If they went swimming, she was superior; golfing, she was victorious on every hole. Ducky-Wucky took her quotation literally.

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Summer school had one week to run. Ducky-Wucky thought with dread of the possibility of never again seeing Love-Drops. His courtship grew arduous. But on Monday when he called she was out; on Tuesday she had a "terrible" lot of studying to do; on Wednesday she had another date. She was *so* sorry, but she knew he'd understand; on Thursday, she *had* to go into town on important business. Finally, Friday night, he succeeded in getting her off to himself.

"Looka here, why have you been hiding from me?"

"Who—me?"

"Tantalizin'—"

"Aw, don't be peeved, Ducky-Wucky." The name irritated him.

"You know that tomorrow's final exams—I'm goin' home early Sunday mornin'. You haven't got another date tomorrow night, have you?"

"I'm sorry, Ducky-Wucky, I sure have—you don't really care, do you?"

"Certainly not." Then, "Gee, Love-Drops, can't you see how much I like you—can'tcha see? Don't I even stand a chance?"

She looked wistful—if such an expression could possibly be used for the doleful countenance she showed him. "Sure thing, Ducky-Wucky, I like you. Like you a whole lot."

"But not enough—?"

"Let's don't be serious, Ducky-Wucky. Come on, this might be our last tete-a-tete for quite a while."

"I think the usual question that a jilted 'lover' puts to his jilter is 'is there somebody else?' " He was trying to be flippant.

She looked surprised. "Don't you know? Gee, Ducky-Wucky, I had no idea you felt that way. You're not hurt?"

"Oh, no; I'm made of iron." He wheeled on his heel and sauntered off.

Ducky-Wucky looked for his room-mate—he needed consolation. Lovey-Dovey was packing his trunk. Ducky-Wucky sat on the edge of his bed and watched his friend's movements. Finally he spoke—

"Well, it's all washed up."

"What?" Lovey-Dovey stopped in the midst of throwing a stack of brightly colored shorts in the trunk. "What're you so solemn about? Somebody steal your girl?"

"Yeah."

"Gee, that's tough—but I'm feelin' no pain; I was successful with mine."

"That's swell."

Lovey-Dovey resumed his packing. "Yeah—she told me I was masterful—quoted some line about 'A cave man's winning his lady-love.' "

A glimmer of suspicion flitted through Ducky-Wucky's mind. Quotations?

Lovey-Dovey continued: "Yeah — you know her pretty well, too—in fact you introduced me to her a few weeks ago. I often wondered why you didn't 'set up' to her yourself. Boy, she's plenty cute. Everybody's crazy about her. She says she thinks you're cute—but not the 'masterful' type—that's a good one, eh? She says she—"

"For God's sake, can it!"

Lovey-Dovey looked at his room-mate, surprised. "What's the matter, Jack?"

Ducky-Wucky calmed down; sat back down on the bed; tried to be nonchalant. "You didn't know I was tryin' to 'court' Love-Drops?"

"Good gosh, no. Why didn't—well, I'll be—. I thought you just liked her kinda like a pal, a sister, somebody to play tennis and go swimming with. Golly Moses—why didn't you tell me how you felt?—I don't know what to say. I sure am sorry—you don't hold it against me, do you? I couldn't help falling for her—and you never said anything. Gosh!"

Ducky-Wucky waved his hand at his room-mate to hush him up. "Aw, I guess I'll get over it—maybe it's the heat." He forced a grin.

"But are you seriously in love with her—I mean wanta marry her or somethin'?"

"Hell no, I'm not thinkin' about marriage. I just hate to be so unpowerful when I thought I was making time with her." His grin was more natural, "I just hate to be merely one of the gang who loved—and lost—Love-Drops."

THE REV. BENJAMIN WOFFORD

By E. C. Lancaster

DURING the storm and disaster of the Revolutionary War, on the night of October 19, 1780, was born a babe who was destined to carry on a great mission. He was the son of Benjamin and Anna Wofford, who lived near the south banks of the Tyger River. Experiencing all of the hardships of a crude country life, and passing his early childhood just after the Revolution, Benjamin grew up with the ability to face greater hardships and to perform greater tasks. His unselfishness and his love for others was manifested in his early childhood, when he was called to preach the gospel. To enumerate his adventures as he faithfully rode his circuit over 500 miles of rough country road during his forty-eight years of service would require the skill of an historian, and would fill pages of interesting literature.

Strange to say, he acquired a considerable fortune, and showing again his love for others, he wanted to invest it in something that would be of the greatest value to society as a whole. In this desire was born the idea of a college of liberal arts and sciences, to which ambitious young men might go to better their mode of living and to carry on the ministry of the gospel. He bequeathed one hundred thousand dollars to the cause, the largest gift given by any Methodist up to his time for the cause of education. Wofford College was founded. The college has sent its influences, not only over South Carolina or the United States, but all over the world, through men who have chosen Wofford as their alma mater.

As we have just celebrated another Founder's Day, I think that it is proper to spend some time in thoughtful consideration of what Benjamin Wofford has done for us. In front of the chapel there is a small gray stone which represents the tomb of one of South Carolina's greatest men. It is not elaborate. Perhaps some have passed by and have never seen it. But on that humble stone are written these words in Latin: "Si Monumentum Requieris Circumspicie," which is translated, "If you seek my monument, look around you." Not only on Wofford campus, not only in Spartanburg, but throughout this and other States you may see the monument of Benjamin Wofford in men who, like their ideal, are trying to give to the world something worth while.

CAMPUS POETS OFFER

The Electric Chair

By J. W. Norton

When I went down to meet my doom,
  I left my love behind me.
I softly took my place in line
  And dwelt where they assigned me.

When I went down to meet my doom,
  I thought I heard her weeping.
But when I looked and searched around,
  I only saw men sleeping.

When I went down to meet my doom,
  I thought her face was shrouded.
I looked again and saw 'twas just
  Dark men around me crowded.

And then in dreams I dreamed of her,
  Hung on her sobs and moaning.
I did not know the sound I heard
  Was just the chaplain's droning.

And then I knew that she had come,
  For thro' my mad blood burning
I felt the fire of her hot kiss,
  Hot, scorching, was her yearning.

But when I looked upon my form,
  Down from the vaulted ceiling,
I knew it was the **chair** had burnt,
  And fired my blood with feeling.

Memories

By L. Moffett Cecil, Jr.

I sat last eve among the lilacs, dear.
The ancient bench refused my weight to bear
Until I whispered why I lingered there.
The western sky held still a touch of red—
The faintest glow. My heart upleaped and said:
"A glow is left, although the sun is dead."

The scent of dew-kissed lilacs in the air
Recalled, oh precious thought, your perfumed hair.
I knew, oh dearest love, that you were near.

A dancing leaf upon my cheek impressed
A gentle kiss, and I once more possessed
Sweet ecstasies, as though by you caressed.

I closed my eyes, and ever-friendly sleep,
Taken by whim, did softly 'round me sweep
His feathered wings. I dreamed of you, my sweet.

Too Late

By J. R.

I laughed and followed the crowd;
  We passed the plodders by.
Their toiling studiousness irked me,
  We laughed down on them from on high.

I laughed and was handed my dip.
  What fun I'd had in college!
Now I'd forth and astound the world
  With the marvelous display of my knowledge.

I laughed at my failure to get a job—
  "It'll be fun just hanging 'round".
Then others—and others—all went off—
  I alone was left in town.

I smiled faintly and again set forth
To secure a white-collar job.
But always, "You're only a playboy"—or
"You're only one of the mob."

I gritted my teeth and determined
To work. I had to have work!
Anything now—I finally accepted
A job as a grocery clerk.

I smile bitterly when I think
Of those wasted years in school,
Bitterly because I remember
I'm paying the price of a fool.

The Cotton Song

By George Baker

Row upon row for acres around,
Like a massive white blanket
Spread o'er the ground,
The cotton fields are ready
For the picking to begin;
With the first ray of morning
The darkeys come in,
With rhythm and swing they start
At the task,
A singing and a shouting
With a drone and a blast.

"Cotton, cotton, woolly white cotton,
Gwine tu weab us a dress
Fo' de Chris'mus dance."

Cotton sheets are spread
For the picking that day,
The little negro children 'round
The fields romp and play,
The sucklings are placed on
The first cotton heap;
O'er them are spread
A dirty cotton sheet.
They are sweating and itching,
Crying and stinging,
But their mammy goes on
Picking and singing.

"Cotton, cotton, kinky white cotton,
Gwine tu weab us a dress
Fo' de fall shindig."

Uncle Ike lifts up his
Snowy white head,
"Quit yer boiling, hot sun,
'Cause I'se haf-dead."
A gal hollers out with
A long flat droll,
"G'wan, nigger, yer gittin' tu ole."
Another screams out and throws
Down his sack,
"I'se been stung by a
Big saddleback."

"Cotton, cotton, woolly white cotton,
G'wine tu sell ye in de fall,
Fo' de Chris'mus dance."

The picking goes on, and noon
Rolls 'round,
From the white farm house
The dinner bell sounds.
Each "nigger" gets his pail
And starts for the shade.
The blessing is asked
By Uncle Ike Wade.
"Lawd, us is thankful fur
Our meat and bread,
An' us bless ye, good Lawd,
Cause ye ain't struck us dead."

"Cotton, cotton, we likes de white cotton,
G'wine tu hab new shoes
Fo' de Chris'mus dance."

The picking continues the rest
Of the noon,
'Bout heaven and angels they
Sing and croon;
They talk about Mose,
Peter and Paul,
They lament that Lucifer
Ever had to fall.
They wish for Eden
And a golden ring,
They bless all saints
And continue to sing.

"Cotton, cotton, woolly white cotton,
G'wine tu buy good things
Fo' de Chris'mus dance."

Day rolls on and soon
Shadows fall,
The wagons come in for
The evening haul;
The scales are hung and
The cotton weighed,
The darkeys pass by, and for
The picking are paid;
Teeth flash and eyes glisten,
As the money jingles,
They all turn homeward,
And their voices mingle.

"Cotton, cotton, woolly kinky cotton,
Done made us money
Fo' de Chris'mus dance."

Wofford College Journal

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EDITORIAL

What's In the Constitution

THE greater part of our people shrink with misgiving at the mention of the Constitution — they think that the American Constitution is long and involved, abstruse, when, as a matter of fact, it is one of the simplest and clearest documents ever written.

How can we expect to interpret the struggles of history without a clear knowledge and understanding of the Constitution? Even an intelligent comprehension of our daily news columns and editorials requires some definite idea of the fundamental document upon which rests our entire political, economic, and social structure.

As only a few of us have aspirations toward a political career, the rest of us shrug our shoulders at such political documents—declaring that as long as suitable laws are made, we will abide by them. But suppose a law doesn't suit us? Up in arms we go, a large majority of the most belligerent citizens neither knowing or caring about the political, economic, or social necessity which required the passage of such a measure.

On all sides we hear cries of "Unconstitutional!" "Unconstitutional!" Do we desire to know upon what grounds such declarations are posited? There is only one way to know —by reading the Constitution. In this concise, governmental basis of our great nation, we learn just exactly what actions are allotted to Congress and what to the States; we learn —incidentally, highly important to all phases of life—the functions, privileges, and limitations placed on the three divisions of our government — the legislative, judicial and executive; we learn of the conditions necessary to add an amendment to the Constitution.

Surely these facts are worth—to everybody, whether or not he is considering entering politics—the time that it requires to read the short eighteen or twenty pages of the Constitution. And if there ever was a time for citizens to wake up to what is going on in the capital, now is that time.

A few technical terms and questions that are heard on all sides in these days of reawakening political feelings are worth noting here, just as a test to see how alert we are as to what is happening behind the doors of our governmental chambers: What is meant by "gerrymander"; what is a "lame duck"; a "fillibuster"? Why is it considered more desirable to be a senator than a representative? Is a person born of American parents in a foreign country a natural-born citizen?

While all these questions are not answered

directly in the Constitution itself, an adequate comprehension of that document will lead to further understanding of governmental processes, which will in turn tend to create a better spirit toward the government throughout the nation.

MOTHER

"Out in life's garden, where sympathy grew,
God planted a soul—'twas the soul of you.
Life's wonderful garden, love seeking went through
Till he found a heart—'twas the heart of you.

"I have sought through life's garden of roses and rue,
And I find one sweet blossom all jeweled with dew.
Love, sympathy, faith—all unchanging and true
Are the heart of my flower—dear mother, 'tis you!"

Are we true to *her* ideals, fellows? She has gone through, and is still undergoing, much that we may have the best chance for a preparation for life. Do we, away from home, thoughtlessly do those things which we would not dare to do in her presence? We hope not.

Do what you can to make her happy now! For some of us, she is doing her all—can we not recompense her by clean living, noble thoughts, and doing our best bit in the small world here which is ours.

Then some day we may have to think and say as Calvin Coolidge said: "We laid her (mother) away in the blustering snows of March. The greatest grief that can come to a boy came to me. Life was never to seem the same again. It always seemed to me that the boy I lost was her image."

—H. Hucks.

"DAD"

There has come a time when we, the young men of today, wish to put our fathers on the shelf because they do not seem to be as modern as we. Because they were not reared in a scientific and mechanical age, and do not have the same views as we, we call them "Old Fogies." Are we, the parents of a new epoch, going to put our "Dads" in the background after they have taught us what they have, because they do not act and dress as well as we? Are we going to show them our disrespect by calling them "Old Man"?

He may wear last year's clothes, his hands may be rough from toil, his pants may bag at the knees, he may even need a haircut or shave, but don't call him "old man"! For years he has worked and toiled to give you what you have; he has always done the right thing by you. He thinks you are the greatest boy on earth even though you sleek down your hair, smoke cigarettes, and do not bring home a cent.

He is the man that won the love of the greatest woman yet—your Mother. He is some man — not the "old man." If you win as good a wife as he did, and if you do as good by your boy as he did, you will have to go some—boy, and how!

—W. E. Boone.

CURRENT FILMS

"SMILIN' THROUGH"

Having witnessed "Smilin' Through" once in the silent films and twice on the stage—the last time being bored to distraction by the mawkish sentimentality of the piece—I was not in such a hurry to go to see the show again. The name of Norma Shearer drew me in. Had it not been for the drawing power of Miss Shearer, I would never have witnessed what turned out to be one of the most delightful shows of the season.

Due to the exquisite performance of Norma Shearer, this picture scales new heights of artistry. Even the trite, time-worn plot of an old man's keeping his protege from marrying the man she loves because his father had killed the old man's sweetheart, fifty years before, seems highly logical and touching. Gone is the artificial mawkishness. Miss Shearer takes this often over-acted part and performs it with such a deft touch as must needs soften the most hard-boiled critics of the cinema. Moonyeen lives, breathes, is real under the superb handling of Miss Shearer. Kathleen is vital, human.

"Smilin' Through," despite the fact that this rushing, mechanical era scorns such sentimentality, will, thanks to the perfect performance by Norma Shearer, linger long in the hearts of theatre-goers.

"A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY"

Mr. George Arliss again gives a highly entertaining performance. This time he plays the part of a successful financier, Mr. Wilson, who, after a year's absence abroad, returns to find his entire family—a young wife and two grown children—in a mad desire for "having fun"—away from home.

Having reached the age when a man enjoys a quiet evening before a comfortable fire ensconced in lounging jacket and slippers, Mr. Wilson is chagrined at the turmoil into which he is thrown. He hears his valet remark that "the poor don't go much, because they don't have the money," and conceives the idea of pretending to be ruined. His ruse works. The entire family swear their allegiance to him. A comfortable evening is spent at home.

The next morning Mr. Wilson's business rival hears of his opponent's ruin and is anxious to get rid of some stocks that he was trying to sell to Mr. Wilson for more than they were worth. Mr. Wilson secures the stocks through an agent at a greatly reduced price. The "calamity" was doubly successful.

Mr. Arliss is Mr. Wilson. Not once does the audience think of the man as acting. An excellent performance.

"THE BLONDE VENUS"

Everything here is Dietrich. The beautiful Marlene floats through a series of gowns, songs, and troubles. This picture begins where the majority leave off—the downward grade of a once dutiful wife who takes her first downward step to save her husband's life. In order to keep her son to herself, the "Blonde Venus" is forced to flee from her husband and his detectives. Her flight carries her down, down, down into the mire.

Eventually, she realizes that the best thing for her son is to turn him over to his father. She disappears for awhile and then emerges as the sensation of Paris.

The man who had been the one to cause the estrangement from her husband appears —he still loves her. They return to New York. The mother wants just one last look at her baby. Reluctantly, her desire is granted. The picture ends with the beautiful Dietrich beside the crib of her son.

Miss Dietrich, whether in "rags or royal purple," is the embodiment of womanly charm and beauty—she is literally "The Blonde Venus." —J. R.

EXCHANGE

"THE CAROLINIAN"

The initial issue of Carolina's literary magazine, which was circulated October 20, was a special football number, having as its feature a complete history of the traditional Carolina-Clemson game by Allen Rollins. The general appearance of the magazine carries out the football theme, the short stories, cartoons, and jokes provide temporary amusement, but in the depth of thought the first issue is sadly lacking. A few more essays and poems would add to its permanent value.

COKER ECONOMIZES

"The Periscope," official newspaper of Coker College, announces the co-ordination of "The Periscope" and "The Bashaba," their magazine. The new production will be in the regular form of a newspaper with a literary supplement monthly. For economy's sake, the co-ordination is not objectionable. It is not a reason for decline in literary interest, although it will probably not contain as many literary efforts as did "The Bashaba."

A REQUEST

A request dispatched to the various editors of college magazines by the editor in regard to exchange is meeting with poor results. "The Journal" is gladly sending a copy of its first press offerings to these editors and is anticipating a response. Until then, the Exchange page will have no material for comment. The page is valuable, not only for its criticism, but also for its light on the trend of thought among the younger generation, for in literature is reflected the life and current thought of the people.

Magazines should be sent to 424 College Place, in Spartanburg.

"MODERN YOUTH MAGAZINE"

The editor has received an announcement worthy of publicity from Viola Ilma, editor of "Modern Youth Magazine," 155 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y. Contents of the letter follow:

"It is with tremendous enthusiasm that we're launching an entirely new idea. There seem to be magazines that cover every field in the way of fiction, sport, politics, and so forth. Some of the contributors are young men and women, but most are well-known authors. Somehow the young writer of today

seldom receives recognition outside of what appears in the college paper.

"At present we are editing a magazine. Its title is "Modern Youth," and it is to be 'the mouthpiece of the younger generation.' No author is to be over thirty, and material of all kinds is to be used—short stories, essays, poems, editorials, and discussions on subjects and issues of the day from the modern point of view.

"For all material published the author will receive remuneration. All manuscripts submitted without enclosed postage will not be returned.

"We are looking to you for help. Let the students know about this magazine, and let them express their ideas to us. And through the magazine show the intellect and serious thoughts of the bright and creative men and women of the day."

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WOFFORD COLLEGE

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1933

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FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER

By J. W. Norton

"A FUNNY thing happened to me today," said George, easing himself into my office chair, his derby cocked over his left ear, and the much-chewed stub of a cigar in the corner of his mouth.

"What?" I asked absently, as I went through the files, looking for some notes on the celebrated Macarthy case. George flicked the half-inch ash off his cigar on my new rug and crossed his hob-nailed boots on the polished top of my desk.

"A woman," he said, as though he was talking about a piece of furniture.

"No!" I said sarcastically, with my eyes on his feet on my desk.

"Yes," he said, his eyes on the third button of my waistcoat as I sat down. I reddened under his gaze.

"Bob, you're getting fat," he said suddenly.

"Is that any of your confounded business?" Then quickly, to change the subject, "You were talking about a woman. She must have been extraordinary."

"Extraordinary? No, hardly."

"Pretty?"

"No, not pretty—"

"Homely?"

"No, you couldn't call her homely. Nice looking—that's all. Nothing to rave over."

"Then why in heaven's name are you taking up my valuable time talking about her? And by the way, that desk is new. It just set me back a hundred bucks."

His eyes were staring absently down his nose at that disreputable cigar butt. He looked up at me suddenly, so suddenly that I caught myself just in time to keep from jumping in my chair. Quite blankly, as though he wasn't seeing me, his gaze seemed to pass through me and go out the window where the shafts of a half dozen sky-scrapers blotted out the sky.

"I bumped into her in Central Park. She was little—with curves, black, wavy hair, and big, child-like eyes. She was off by herself on a bench down by the edge of the lake, crying."

"Well?"

"She looked so pitifully small and forlorn that I stopped to find out what was the matter. I reckon I was the first person that had spoken to her kindly in a long time."

"What did she say?"

"She asked me to marry her."

I looked at George, stunned for a moment, and then roared with laughter. George is big, muscular, red-faced, with a hooked nose and a square jaw. A long scar runs from one corner of his mouth down his chin, a relic of the days when he was on the police force. He is anything but handsome; besides that, he is past sixty.

His face was unusually red as he stirred in his chair, avoiding my eyes.

"Wha—what did you do?" I asked weakly, wiping the tears from my eyes.

"I married her." His eyes were on his heavy gold watch chain, with which he was toying. I gasped and sank into a chair.

"Are you insane?"

"Her husband died a year ago. She kinda drifted from one job to another until last week, when she got fired from a department store in which she had been working at a starve-to-death wage for a month. The poor kid was at her rope's end. No money, no food, no job, no nothing."

"That's what she told you?"

"Yes."

"You believed her?"

"Yes."

"You are insane. Not only that, you are a gullible old simpleton. People don't marry anyone they happen to run into on the street. You've lived in New York forty years, and you fall for a line like that? She's after that million Old Man Heine out in Iowa left you. What do you think this little adventure is going to cost you? As lawyer to client, I'll tell you. Not a penny less than one hundred grand! What do you think the boys are going to say about it when they learn what an old fool you've made of yourself?"

"I don't know—don't reckon I care much—and I'm not an old fool. I'm only sixty-four, that's not old, and I was a 'flat-foot' pounding the beat for forty years before Old Man Heine left me that million. I'm nobody's fool. I know what I'm doing. I've been wanting someone worthy, to spend some of that money on, and now I've found it—er—her."

"Heaven help you," I said in despair. "Nothing else can."

"Oh, yes," George drawled. "Some one besides heaven can help me."

"Who?"

"You." He lit his neglected cigar butt and strolled toward the door, his hands deep in his pockets.

"Listen, I want nothing to do with this crazy escapade of yours. You're not trying to mix me up in this mess, are you?"

"Oh, no; you're already in it."

"Me? How?"

"She's a very dear friend of yours."

"What tha—!"

"Exactly," said George, and closing the door behind him, he padded down the corridor. I sank into the chair he had just vacated, my mind a blank. Suddenly I had a curious sensation in the pit of my stomach. I jumped to my feet, ran to the door, and, throwing it open, shouted down the hall.

"George! George!" He was already gone.

. . . . . .

At six o'clock the next evening I was locking up the office when I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was George.

"Dinner's waiting for us at my flat."

"But I've an engagement—"

"Break it. I want you to meet her."

There is no use to argue with George, I have discovered, so I went—with that same peculiar sensation in the pit of my stomach.

"What is her name, George?"

"Wait."

"How do you know she's an old friend of mine?"

"Wait."

I gave up in disgust. There is no eliciting information from George when he chooses to be mysterious. Three flights up and two doors down the hall, George, with all his money, and still living in the same old flat—how like George. If she turned out to be

the gold-digger I thought she was, George wouldn't be left in peace in his old flat very long. She'd want Riverside Drive, and all that goes with it.

She opened the door, and then and there I came the nearest to heart-failure I've ever been.

"Anne!" I cried, grabbing her hands and scarcely believing my eyes. She put her arms around my neck.

"Good old Bob!" she said, hugging me. "Gee, but it's good to see you. I—I think I'm going to cry."

"Why—why, how you've changed!"

"It's been fourteen years, Bob."

"Here—here—you can't neck my wife in the hall," said George, blowing his nose and pushing us in the door.

"Fourteen years . . ."

"Yes, it's a long time, isn't it, Bob? And New York's a long way from France."

"Soissons, Chateau Thierry, Belleau Woods, and the Marne—I'll never forget the Marne, that's where I stopped a piece of shrapnel with my chest. Dave got his in the shoulder. We were partners—Dave and I—we shared everything, even shrapnel."

"Yes, Dave died last year. His old wound . . ."

I stared at her, something catching in my throat. "Dave—gone." She pressed my hand, and George looked away.

"—And you?"

"I was left alone. We had no children. I drifted from one job to another until last week. I was at the end of my rope when George found me. He recognized me from a picture you once showed him."

"Sit down—sit down," boomed George, pushing a chair under me and sitting on the sofa with Anne. I couldn't keep my eyes off her face. She was older—she had never been beautiful; but there had always been a lingering sweetness about her lips and a warm appealing light in her eyes that the years had not erased.

I found myself back again in a white bed in a big white-washed room somewhere in France, just coming out of a filmy, hazy coma, and seeing her smiling eyes swimming in the white haze above me. She looked so cool and soothing in her neat white nurse's uniform, and though the effort had hurt me, I smiled back at her. Dave was on the adjoining bed, groaning and tossing. She sat down beside him, and with her soft white hands pushed back his dark, turbulent hair. Almost at once he became quiet.

Days and weeks slipped by. I was head over heels in love with her, and so was Dave. We always shared in everything. The Armistice, she and Dave were married—the U. S. again—Dave and I drifting apart—fourteen years—and now. All through dinner I could not keep my eyes off her. I was oblivious of George. Anne—my Anne—a bit of discord began to creep into my mind—no, George's Anne now. I think at that moment I almost hated George—an old man between Anne and me.

. . . . . .

George came into the office the next morning. He leaned against the door, his hands in his pockets and his characteristic cigar butt between his teeth.

"I've come to confess," he said.

"What?"

"I lied to you. I didn't marry her. I

wanted to see what your reaction would be. I noticed a couple of looks you gave me last night, and decided that I'd better tell you the truth or become a corpse."

"George! Then—then—"

"You love her, don't you, Bob?"

"George,—I—I—"

"Sure, and she loves you." I searched his face quickly, my heart jumping madly.

"Sure she does—she told me so. She never could decide between Dave and you—loved you both. Dave took the initiative, and so she married him.

"But—"

"Shut up. You two kids are going to get married. I've been thinking for a long time that you needed a wife. Here she is, and you love each other—"

"But—"

"Shut up. I've made a new will, and I'm leaving everything to your son—"

I gulped, and pawed the air.

"Shut up. It *will* be a boy, and you'll name him George. Maybe a million dollars will repay him for the trouble of carrying a name like that through life."

And, as usual, George was right in everything.

AS OTHERS SEE US

CONTRIBUTED

NOBO-O-DY knows how hungry I am, Nobo-o-dy knows but Jesus," Ruth caroled irreverently, as she bounded up the steps, banged the door behind her, and threw her books on the table.

"Aunt Do-or-othy!" she wailed.

"Here I am," a tired voice answered.

Ruth tripped out to the kitchen. "I want my sup—" she stopped short in amazement. "Why, what on earth?"

There stood her aunt in a pool of water, vigorously mopping the floor, her skirts tied about her knees.

"You—you aren't scouring the back porch, are you?" Ruth stammered incredulously.

"Yes indeed I am," the woman replied grimly.

"But—you haven't in two years!"

"Two years come November. Here, get me some fresh water."

Ruth returned the bucket to her and sank astride the nearest chair. "What's all this about anyway? Is the preacher coming for dinner Sunday?"

"Mercy, no! It's not that." She paused to wipe the perspiration from her face. "I went over next door to see Mrs. Clarke this afternoon. To have a little neighborly chat, you know."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Well, she carried me into the dining room, and gave me a chair facin' this way." She dashed a pail of water on the wall, then went on, swishing her mop viciously.

"It was so embarrassin'! We were talkin' about what a slovenly housekeeper that Mis' Bishop is, and she was just tellin' me about her sister-in-law's goin' in there one day when Mis' Bishop had swept her trash into a corner under the bed. I was leanin' for-

ward in my chair, so shocked, and had just opened my mouth to say, 'Do tell!' when I happened to glance out the window. I thought, 'Dear me, what an ugly view!' Then it came over me in a flash: that was my house! I've never been so mortified in my life. The place looked perfectly awful!"

"Awful?"

"Hideous! Of course, the house ain't been painted since we moved here eighteen years ago, and the last room that was built on never was painted, but I didn't know it looked as bad as that. Every bit of whitewash is worn off the old barn. And this back porch! Disgraceful! I could see every hole in the screen, and this can of trash was in full view. After you've et your supper, I want you to help me straighten the nails and boxes on these shelves. And, Ruth, the back of the house looks like it's about to topple over. I'll be afraid to stay here when we have a storm, after this. It's downright dangerous."

"Gosh, I've never noticed that!"

"Neither had I. Well, Mis' Clarke kept right on talking. She told all about the way that Williams hussy is carryin' on since she got her divorce, and that was what I 'specially went over to find out about, but I didn't hear much of what she was sayin'. I wriggled and squirmed and turned my chair around, but I couldn't keep my eyes off that window. She said, 'Mrs. Brewton, are you feelin' well? Your face is so red, it looks like you've got high blood-pressure.' I told her I did feel a little faint, and I guessed I'd better go home and lie down awhile, so I came straight home and started cleanin' up this back porch."

"Isn't that Mrs. Clarke peeping at you from behind the curtain?"

"That's her, all right. She looks mighty smug about somep'n', don't she? Ruth! Do you suppose she set me down facin' this way on purpose?"

"Bet she did, the old cat! But, shucks, this place don't look so bad. It was just her dirty windows. Got any apple pie?"

The older woman stood still a moment. "Just—her—dirty—windows," she repeated slowly. Then a smile of relief spread over her features, and the mop slipped from her fingers.

CHANGING MODES OF TRAVEL

By T. H. Diseker

TRAVELING up the Susquehanna River, one cannot elude the chill of awe and reverence that pervades his spirit as he gazes over the slate-colored water upon mile after mile of the discolored rock wall lining the left bank of the seemingly interminable river as it winds in and out of the low wooded Alleghenies.

The gray wall, covered with vines and minute fungi, is the sole reminder of the once famous barge canal that stretched from Harrisburg to Port Deposite. The majesty of the scene, although sufficient to arouse the utmost feeling, was subjugated for the respect of the stalwart men—the pioneers who braved the almost insuperable odds in com-

bating the freshets, the ice jams, and the treacherous river waters to complete their stupendous project.

The dry-wall and the old "Tow-Path" are just as intact as the day the first barge started for Harrisburg laden with sugar, coffee, molasses and other supplies for the inland settlers.

The canal, the "Tow-Path," and the rock wall are so well preserved that one can almost see again heavy laden barges, pulled by mule teams, slowly winding in and out of the low wooded hills along the semi-canyon cut by the slate-black river, and the grizzled, uncouth "mule driver," reeking with sweat, rushing up and down the "Tow-Path," shouting vile oaths at his over-burdened mules and cracking his black-snake whip over their heads.

On the right side of the river is the old raft canal. Down this channel went logs of white pine, firs, and spruces, bound for Port Deposite and the saw mill. This channel, though now only visible to the keen observer, was once the scene of many log jams, requiring days of back-breaking labor and occasioning numerous spills for the lumbermen into the icy waters of the Susquehanna.

These crude means of transportation gave way in time to the more modern steam engine. Huge stokers, drawing hundreds of cars of coal and food products bound for eastern markets, soon made daily trips up and down the river, on whose opposite bank the old "Tow-Path" once did a thriving business.

The curse of the team driver and the clanking of traces are now displaced by the rolling of wheels over rails and the screech of steam escaping from a whistle.

In time the river was harnessed and made to turn the dynamos of huge hydro plants. Two more tracks were placed by the first two on the old roadbed. This road was electrified by the power generated at the hydro plant and sent weird looking cars rolling over the rails at even more terrific speed than the old stokers had ever gone.

Looking up the river, the traveler sees the intermittent flashes of a beacon, the indefatigable marker of a great air route. Overhead, the drone of a great tri-motored monoplane is plainly audible.

The traveler, bewildered by the inhuman swiftness that has characterized the changing means of transportation in the past few decades, wonders if the modes of travel in the future will be accelerated in the same proportion as they have been in the past, and if so, what will be the ultimate outcome.

Just then the moon, rising out of the Chesapeake Bay, as it dipped its round orb in the bay's placid water, radiating slivers of scintillating light, seemed to reaffirm the fact that "God was in His heaven, and all would be right with the world."

MISTER MISTY'S MISSING MYSTERY

By J. B. Cannon

I WAS aimlessly leaning against one of the telephone poles of the village of Chocolate Center, vainly pondering the reasons for the agitation of the population about me. It seemed that every man, woman and child—white, black and otherwise—was overcome with excitement. In every direction I could see people running about, stopping to talk excitedly with others, and rushing on. Even the entire police force, both of them, were actually running in their haste.

While I was still leaning against the pole, wondering about the why, when, and wherefore of the situation, I felt someone tapping me lightly on the shoulder. Turning around, I saw that it was a representative of the male species whom I had never seen before. Since this was not at all surprising, as I was a stranger without connections in the village, I merely raised my eyebrows.

The creature walked around me several times, always keeping his eyes on me. Suddenly he stopped in front of me and pointed his finger at me.

"I," he said, "am a detective."

"Not really!" I ejaculated.

"Yes. My name is Sherlock Watson Vance Philo Holmes. My friends call me 'Misty' for short."

"One can hardly blame them."

"I am a very good detective. I always get my man. I like your face."

"Thank you very much."

"Don't thank me. Now, I am going to take you entirely at your face value. Have you got a dollar?"

"Yes," I answered. "I have some currency estimated at such an amount."

"Currency?"

"Currency."

"Oh, yes. I see. Courant—'Here today, gone tomorrow.'" And with that he began to laugh, and remained in a state of mirth for at least an hour. I laughed with him for the first fifteen minutes, merely out of politeness, but as there is an inevitable limit to a man's endurance, even when the task is merely to laugh, I interrupted his merriment long enough to ask him what he was laughing about. His reply, that he was laughing about an hour, served in no way to alleviate the increasing temper which he was forcing me to develop.

"I must have my little joke," he explained.

"Do all of your jokes go over that well?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied modestly. "My jokes always get a laugh."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I always laugh at them."

I believe that if my hand had not missed its destination and hit the telephone pole there would have been one less detective in the world.

"How much money did you say you had?" asked my new acquaintance as soon as he had revived from the last attack.

"A dollar," I said.

"Good! Come with me and we shall have dinner together, and I will tell you a secret." With this, he beckoned to me to follow him.

I soon found myself in a dining establishment, seated at a table with the sleuth. The latter ordered everything on the menu, and then called for another menu. The meal which was set before him consisted of asparagus, lettuce and tomatoes, canteloupe, fried with potatoes, fresh country crackers, soup with all the sharps and flats, and chicken which had evidently just had an automobile accident, for it appeared to have turned turtle. For the waiter, he left an asparagus tip under the plate.

As for me, I requested a very small glass of H_2O, a paper napkin, three toothpicks, and the correct time. I gave a tip to the waiter by admonishing him against American Ash Can Preferred.

Between mouthfuls—that is, between the meal and the toothpicks—Mister "Misty" began to divulge the secret he had promised me.

"There has been a murder!" he whispered in my ear, thereby explaining what I had been pondering over all that day.

"Tell me about it," I entreated.

"First, I should advise you to read this," he said, and pulled from his pocket a folded newspaper, which he presented to me, pointing at the item which was intended for my consideration. The tune of the piece went like this:

"All was quiet. The beautiful moon shown from above. It was a beautiful June night when, between the hours of 4:16 and 4:17, quite a terrible thing happened to the Vanwagon family of this city, residing at 420 E-Z-Street. Having lived in the city for many years, they were considerably shocked as well as disturbed when they arose from their slumber this morning to find that Martha, whom they adopted several years ago after finding her on their doorstep, was quite dead.

"She was found lying by a bed post in the Vanwagon house. Her entire body was stained with blood, her teeth were scattered about in all parts of the room, her eyes and nose were torn from her face, and her arms and legs were hanging from the body. The local police issued a statement this morning to the effect that they suspected murder."

"Although the news makes no note of the fact," said the detective, when I raised my eyes to signify that I had finished, "my services have been engaged by the family. It is my job to uncover the mystery and bring the guilty party to the bar of justice. I shall take you into my confidence, for I have decided to let you work with me on the case. When we have succeeded, you will receive an equal share of the glory which will be due us."

"Oh, goody!" I ejaculated.

"We shall institute operations immediately. Our first move is to visit the scene of action."

"When?"

"Immediately."

The residence of the stricken family was a mansion of the superb and superfluous type. My detective friend walked boldly to the large door and rang the bell with an evident air of assurance.

"Before we are admitted," he whispered to me, "I wish to warn you that anything they

say will be used against them. Are you ready?"

"Quite."

"Come."

A butler of the Lord Fauntleroy type admitted us into the house. The first sight that attracted the focus of my optical organs for any reasonable length of time filled me with intense horror, and which to this day I cannot relate without stuttering. The—the inside of the house was f-filled with r-rats. In every direction I could see there were rats running all over the house. There were big rats, little rats, and middle-sized rats. They were crawling up and down the stairs, over and under the rugs, all over the clock, and a whole tribe of them were crawling all over Venus de Milo in the corner.

My detective friend did not seem disturbed by their presence.

"I shall take you first," he said, suddenly turning upon the unsuspecting butler, who was holding his long crooked nose so high in the air that it got caught in the chandelier.

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the servant in question.

"I said that I shall take you first, meaning, of course, that I intend to question you regarding the murder which is at the present time demanding my services, thus explaining my presence here, in case you are at all doubtful as to my integrity."

At this announcement, the butler fell suddenly upon his knees, and, like a drowning person grasping a straw, fastened with his long bony hands a death grip on the creases of Mister Misty's trousers.

"Please sir," he groaned like one who has had too much Thanksgiving dinner, "have mercy on a poor old man who has a wife and children at home. Don't do anything to me for what I have done. Please, sir, if you only knew how much this thing has already made me suffer!"

"You will kindly speak only when I direct a question to you. How old are you?"

"Please, please, sir. Do not punish me any more. I have already suffered too much!"

"I am a detective, not a doctor! Please answer my question. How old are you?"

"I do not know, sir. That is, I am not sure, sir. I remember that seven years after I was born I had seven years' itch."

"Excellent! Then you were fourteen years old when the disease left you. That throws considerable light on the subject. Try this one: Where were you at twelve o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, on December the twenty-fourth?"

"Will my answer be published in the newspaper, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then I cannot tell you where I was on December the twenty-fourth."

"Have you a specific reason?"

"Yes, sir. My children would learn the truth about Santa Claus, and that would break my heart. Believe me, sir! I confess everything. I, and I alone, am guilty of this terrible thing. Do what you will with me! Put me in prison! Jail me for life! Electrocute me! Hang me! But don't let me lose my job!"

"I warn you that anything you say will be used against you. Please confine your statements to the answers to my questions. This is a very difficult case, and the full co-

operation of everyone is necessary to a solution!"

"If I may interrupt," I said, "might I offer the suggestion that the butler may know something of the matter?"

"How long have you been employed here?" asked the detective, again addressing the servant.

"Two weeks, sir."

"Have you any references from your previous position?"

"No, sir."

"And you expect me to take you at your word? Have you any proof that you have committed a murder?"

"Yes, sir. The dead body, sir."

"That is insufficient proof. If it becomes necessary, I shall give you the third degree. Go tell your employer that I shall have a report for him as soon as I have viewed the room in which the murder took place. Tell him that I have nothing to report at present except that I suspect a death pact, and that I intend to find it. That is all."

On our way into the room which contained the body of the murdered one, I inquired of the detective his views regarding the rats.

"I believe," he said, "that the rats have an important bearing upon the case, but I am undecided as to what it is. By using their presence as an hypothesis, it is possible to deduct a fairly explanatory theory. There is on record a dangerous criminal called 'Freddie the Rat,' whose implication in this particular murder would be certain because of the presence of rats, which he always leaves as a trade mark, were it not for only one flaw."

"And the flaw?"

" 'Freddie the Rat' died ten years ago."

"Another good theory gone wrong," I sighed.

"Do not be discouraged, though. I have a large assortment of other theories at my disposal, which may prove successful. I am just beginning to smell a mouse."

"You'll probably smell more before you leave," I said with a sniff.

The room through which we had to go in order to get to the death room was so dark that we had to feel our way. Suddenly some object struck my shin, and I fell over on my head without any premonition whatsoever.

"Did you fall down?" asked the detective.

"Oh, no," I answered as gently as possible. "My sister has a new baby, and I was sending her a note of congratulations. You are a detective. See if you can detect what tripped me up."

We soon found the object which had apparently caused the accident. Upon close examination, we discovered that it was some kind of a bundle.

"Success!" shouted the sleuth suddenly.

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"I have found what I've been looking for! This is the death pack!"

He motioned for me to follow him into the room which enclosed the scene of the murder. When we entered that room, my first feeling was one of genuine surprise, and I saw that my companion was entertaining a similar state of mind.

"Where is the body?" we asked each other.

Receiving no satisfaction from each other, we resorted to the butler.

"The body," he said, "lies by the bed post."

"There is nothing by the bed post but a cat," complained "Sherlock."

"The cat," replied the butler, "is the body." The tears were streaming down his face. "Oh, why did I kill her?" he cried. "Why did I kill you, Martha?"

This revelation did not surprise me as much as it would have under ordinary circumstances, as the occurrences of the evening had rendered me susceptible to almost any kind of surprise.

The detective, on the other hand, began to cry like a baby, and to tear his hair.

"I have failed again!" he groaned between sobs. "All my life I have wanted to arrest a murderer, and now I have failed again, just when I was about to succeed. Oh, why couldn't Martha have been a human being? I am going home and go to bed. Don't follow me. I want to be alone. I'll be seeing you."

"Not if I see you first," I said, that being my favorite expression.

When Mister "Misty" had left the house and I was about to do the same, the butler approached me and fell on his knees again, and began to plead for mercy.

"Get up!" I shouted. "Don't start singing 'Sonny Boy' to me. I don't care if you killed every cat in town. I'm going home and go to bed."

"And I don't have to go to jail?"

"No. You stay here and take care of the rats. By the way, where did the rats come from? Did 'Freddie the Rat' bring them here?"

"No one brought them, sir. Since the cat passed away, there has been no one to prevent their coming."

"I see. And another thing. Just for my own satisfaction, why did you kill Martha?"

"It sang under my window at night."

"Pardoned."

"I don't know how I can ever repay you for your kindness, sir."

"Yes, you can. Come around some time and kill the cat that sings under my window."

The next day I was standing against the same telephone pole as the day before, when someone tapped me lightly on the shoulder. Turning around, I saw a stranger.

"I am a detective," he said.

Ten minutes later I found myself in front of a judge's bench, confronted with a fine for "assault and battery with intent to kill," etc.

The fine was a heavy one, and I was not particularly flourished with pecuniary resources, but I was smiling as I parted with the money. I had satisfied my desire for vengeance on detectives.

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NO.

CHAOS

By Frederick R. Atkinson

FOREWORD: Youth, faced with the complexities of a world diseased economically and socially, without faith in the Infinite Being, and without consideration of a divine calling, is destined only for fate. Such frail fragments of mortality are like dumb cattle driven onward by fear of unemployment and hunger to degrading forms of labor and baser living conditions. The following sketch is but a day's extract of such a life.

. . . . . .

A final turn on his side to enjoy a moment of prolonged rest, for the clock had just pealed forth the five-thirty hour. Early rise. Breakfast by dim light. With signs of sleep yet in his eyes, Richard Lester grabbed a soiled cap and made for the door. "Keep the food warm 'til the kids get up. I must be going, dear. Goodbye."

A gust of damp, driving wind slammed the door behind him, as he stepped out to meet the dreary day. Squalid tenement houses, row upon row as they always are on a cotton mill hill, buried deep in a slush of slippery mud and factory soot; unpaved streets, reeking with the filth of poverty and over-run with the ragged little urchins, racing helter-skelter against the wind and rain of a bleak December day; a pall of foggy smoke drifting over the patched shingles of the sagging house-tops, and gradually clinging to the moist, sticky lumber as it swirled to the rubbish-littered ground. The first rays of light came from over the luxurious mansions on an eastern hill, and fell at his feet with a seemingly lashing and commanding effect, "Hurry up, mister serf of the street, you must toil for the world today."

A fearful feeling picked up the cadence of his feet as he trod through the slush and up to the factory door. The shrieking sound of the whistle penetrated the air of the dawn and echoed from a distant hill. Lester entered with already a troubled and sulky expression on his face prompted by the wretched environment and early jaunt.

"Good morning, sir, just in time." He passed through the corridors with a greeting to men and women of his rank and file, and down the aisle between the long rows of cold and tranquil machinery. He deposited his cap and coat in a locker, and then returned to put the works in action, the wheels to turning, and his hands to moving back and forth over the mechanism of iron, producing a dull, degrading sound. "Hum-drum, hum-drum, hum-drum . . ."

Long hours passed, and still he sat bent over the machinery as the repetition of the drone and the work ground out the very essence of his soul. Action, action, constant action, repeating action, physical action—but his mind and soul dwindled into sub-consciousness and sleep. Reason once more looked aghast at the product of a mind deserted in a time of need. And still he sat and toiled from hour to hour with emptiness in his eyes—afraid, afraid otherwise that he,

his wife and babes would encounter the grim fiends, Hunger and Cold.

The noon-time came. Silence reigned, and here and there came a sigh of relief. The foreman of the mill stood before the crowd of anxious workers and read aloud a report from the office: "By authoritative orders, this factory is today forced to go into the hands of the receivers." Another silence, another sigh as man looked aghast at man.

Lester rose slowly and tremblingly from his seat, walked to the rear, took his cap and coat from the locker, and strolled at random through the various compartments of the mill. A long, haggard look, with emptiness of eyes, marked the face of the slave-condemned even to servitude and chased by the pangs of starvation.

. . . . . .

I was then rambling in the woods, charmed by the companionship of nature, of birds, squirrels, and falling leaves. Reaching down to grasp a nut, I heard a murmur, a groan, "I can't go home, I can't, I will not, I'll—"

I turned quickly and saw Lester standing at the edge of a great precipice, with head bowed.

"Stop! Stop! Coward, don't jump!" I yelled in anxiety, while rushing to the despondent man.

He turned and stared at me intently, delaying the attempted venture until he had satisfied his mind.

"You can't do that," I declared, holding him and panting from exertion. "Come, let's sit beneath this oak and watch the squirrels play." He vaguely told to me his story of pathos and catastrophe. I listened, then glanced through the woodland, my eyes falling upon a bluebird.

"Man, can't you see that He who cares for that bird will care for you and me? Here, take this money and go in peace to your family."

The young man took the money and started to go, but turned around and begged, "Say, could you spare me a drink?"

BUTTONS

By J. C. Bagwell

DID you ever think just what part of your clothing played the most important part in your personal appearance? Certainly you have. You thought that your suit, shirt, tie, and shoes were most important. A girl thinks that she must have on a new dress, new shoes, and a new hat to appear well dressed. But did you ever think for one moment that those are not the most important factors? I will tell you what is, and why many people today do not appear well dressed, although they wear good clothes. Buttons are the most important factors of one's personal appearance, and many people appear shabbily dressed because they leave a button off their shirt, their dress, or their shoes. Buttons certainly play an important part in our lives, and always have. The cave man used small bones, the Persians used sticks, the modern bachelor uses nails, and I do without — that is why I appear shabbily dressed.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS — OR SOMETHING

By J. B. Cannon

DEAR MARY:

I hope you have enjoyed a pleasant Christmas, and that Santa Claus treated you better than he did me. I wrote him a letter and asked for a new hat, but he was so head over heels in his work that he read the letter up-side-down and brought me a pair of shoes. I want to apologize for the present I sent you, but it was the best card I could find, so I guess it will have to do for the present. After all, I guess it's the sentiment that really counts. I would have given you some sentiment rolls, but I know how you hate puns.

I hope you are feeling well. I am feeling very well, except that I lost five pounds last week. I put an ad in the paper for them, but they are still missing. I'm not sure of it, but I have a suspicion that the cook found them and put them in the pound cake.

I don't know any news or gossip that I can tell you, so for the lack of something better to do, I think I will propose to you again. You are the flower of my heart. When you're around me, my head feels daisy, and I will be daffy-dill you return. I have been thinking of your tu-lips ever since I rose this morning. I have adored you from the day that I first zinnia.

Darling, you are the cream in my coffee, and you're as sweet as sugar. My cup is running over. The memory of the time when we used to spoon stirs me so that I can't keep my hand on the stirring wheel. So pack cup your trunk and come back to me, because you suit me to a tea, even if you did leave me. You are just like a cup of coffee to me—you are making me lose sleep, you coffee hag.

You are the apple of my eye, and that's no apple sauce, or Epsom sauce, either. Olive my life I have loved you, and now I am plum crazy about you, but orange we all? Kumquat may, I will always love you. You had better accept me now, because I maypop the question never again. So prune yourself up and come back to me, because we could make a peach of a pear.

When you went away, you said you would come right tobacco to me, but I haven't seen you since I left chew at the train. I miss you so I feel like going to bed and taking a dose of ca'mel. It would be heaven Chesterfield your hand in mine again, and I would consider myself lucky.

I like everything about you, especially your feet. I'm shoe of my love for you, and I'm not stringing you. If only you could hear my tongue pouring forth my whole sole! How long must this lass? If you don't marry me I will sock you, because I've garter have you.

Please say that you love me and will marry me. They say that the first year is the hardest, but we can wait and get married next year. If you don't marry me, I don't know what will happen to me. I have often thought of committing suicide, but before I would do a thing like that I would kill myself. Some people tell me that your father

will not let you marry me. I could kill him for that, but I'll be hanged if I do.

If you don't get this letter, let me know and I will take up the matter with Mr. Hoover. You know who Hoover is—the man my mother thought I'd be.

Hoping to hear from you real soon, I am,

Yours while your money lasts,

JIMMY.

THE HUNGRY WIFE

By H. W. Smith

THE moment she opened the door and stepped into the room, she knew that it was different. How it was different she could not say. But she sensed the change, felt it, as though each object in it had been moved from its accustomed place. She looked at the room as though she were really seeing it for the first time.

She moved to the center of the room. It seemed to be growing smaller and smaller, to be gradually closing in about her. She was conscious of herself as an aging woman in the darkness of the small room. Nothing but old clothes, and shoes, and brass hangers with cheap dresses on them met her eyes. Her youth was slipping, slipping. In a few years now, she would be a middle-aged woman, and what then? In another year she would be thirty-eight, and what could life give her then? Suppose she stayed on here and did not complain, and just let the years slip by and have their way with her. She closed her eyes to keep back the sudden tears that were beginning to blur her vision.

She was frightened at the thought. She almost fainted at the thought. Could she bear it? Those old mouldy clothes, those darkened corners, and old age, and finally Death waiting for her! She felt herself alone in the world. She was alone.

She got up quickly from the dusty chair in which she had slumped, and hastened to the window. She raised the shade. There was more light and warmth now. She set about preparing the shop for another day, trying to crowd the thoughts of escape and freedom in the back of her head, but they refused to stay, and kept slipping through her brain like endless trickles of water. Over and over again she kept hearing the beautiful words from the fashionable lady who had stopped in out of the rain. Even now she could see once more the door opening, and see the beautiful woman in costly furs entering. She had not been aware that the little shop was dirty and unbearable until that woman from another world had walked in the door. Then she was suddenly confused and embarrassed and upset. But she had managed to approach her somehow.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, my dear. I merely stopped in out of the rain. You don't mind?"

The woman had called her "my dear." That startled her. No one had called her that in years. But she loved it, and thought it beautiful.

"Why, no, I don't mind at all," she said. "You are welcome here. The rain is coming down very badly, isn't it?"

"Yes. I forgot my umbrella. Very careless of me. Maybe it will stop presently, though."

Then the woman from the other world had suddenly looked around her at the cheap dresses that hung on the wire hangers. The proprietor felt cheap and unimportant while the eyes of the great lady went on looking. Somehow she had wanted to leave. She had wished that the woman had not come in.

"My dear, you sell these?"

The way the Outside Lady had said the word "these" had made her want to scream out, "No, no!" But instead she answered simply, "Yes."

"Do you have to do this for a living? Are you all alone?"

She had tried to explain that she was married, and that she and her husband ran the one-room shop, and had rooms overhead, and that they were saving their money for old age. She felt that the woman was reading her mind faster than she could think.

"And how old are you, if you don't mind?"

"Thirty-seven."

"And you are content to go on like this, selling clothes to people who don't matter, while your youth is slipping from you, in the hope that you will have a few hundred saved for old age? But what if you die before reaching old age? What then? My dear, you are silly to go on working and slaving here year in and year out when you could be enjoying yourself with the money you've saved for old age. You're not bad looking at all; with a little care, you could be made into a beautiful woman. Get out and see the world before it's too late. Travel and enjoy the money you've saved for years. Leave your husband if necessary. Don't let him drag you on to a miserable death. Escape before it's too late."

It had stopped raining, and the lady had gone. But still the words, "Get out and see the world before it's too late—travel and enjoy yourself with the money you've saved for years—leave your husband if necessary" remained fresh in her troubled, dissatisfied mind.

All through the long night she had tossed and tumbled, while the words forever beat against her brain. She was a wicked woman to have talked like she did. She would ignore her advice; she wouldn't pay any attention to her.

But the more she tried to forget her, the clearer the whole scene stood out in her mind. Finally, she had wakened Paul, who was fast asleep at her side. She hated to do it, but she had to discuss it with someone. Paul had been shocked and angered.

"It would be a sin to do as that woman advised you to do," he had said, reproach and hurt in his voice. "We are doing right, Rachel. It would be foolish to spend what we have saved for so many years; forget it, Rachel." Then he had turned over and promptly fallen off to sleep again. But she was not satisfied.

Paul didn't understand. He could not know that she was still almost a young woman, and had young women's desires. She wanted to be pretty and wear beautiful clothes, and travel, and have admirers, and to enjoy herself. She wanted to have one

last fling, and cram in all she could before it was too late. Some of her youth was gone, but there was enough money hidden here in this very room to make her beautiful again. No, it wasn't too late to enjoy life, to live and know what life really meant before she lay down and died. Something inside her seemed to be crying out, "Oh, flee before it's too late! Get away from all this dirt and misery before it's too late." She stood still and listened to the voice, and suddenly her mind was made up.

Yes, there was enough money in the room, hidden away safely from prying eyes. Behind a brick that had become loosened in the cheap, red fireplace that pretended to give warmth to the two small rooms above the shop—that was where the money was kept hidden.

She almost ran over to the fireplace now, in her mad eagerness to see for herself that the money was still safely there. She told herself that if she were to pull out the loosened brick and discover that the money was not there, that she would do something awful. She couldn't stand another day in the miserable shop.

The money was there—every penny, every dollar. She clasped the bag in which it was kept, and sat down and began to count. The money soon made a small mountain of greenbacks in her lap, but still she kept on counting. At last she was through—fifteen thousand dollars was in her lap. Eighteen years of toil and sacrifice that she might possess what she held in her hands now. Well, she would enjoy every dollar of it.

She did not feel badly over taking it at all. Anyway, Paul would still have the shop, and could save once more, but she would not be here for that. She would be free and beautiful with this money they had saved. She would no longer be a prisoner, but as free as a beautiful plummed bird flitting about in the sky.

She jumped to her feet and began pulling a cheap hat on her head. Later on, she would have fine, beautiful ones, but for the present this would have to do. Next she put on an old coat and stuffed the bag of money inside one of the torn pockets. Then she snatched up a pencil and paper and wrote a note for Paul.

"Paul, try not to think badly of me for going like this. It's just that I've got to have a little happiness before I die. I've taken the money from the fireplace, but you still have the shop. You can soon save enough to do you when you are old. Don't try to follow me, for I know I will be happy. Rachel."

She folded the paper and put it inside the hole where the money was. Paul would be sure to find it when he came downstairs. There was no time to lose. The small voice inside seemed to cry out, "Hurry, hurry."

She opened the door and turned for one last look, then she slammed it behind her.

CAMPUS POETS OFFER

The Hanging of Cole Younger

(After Robt. W. Service)

By J. W. Norton

He cocked his weather eye upon the blazing, blasted sky,
And he began to whistle soft and low;
His fingers in his jeans, just like he was a man o' means,
A-whistling and a-rocking to and fro.
He was a-thinking, too, about a gal he thought was true,
Until she sold him to the law one day.
He smiled and said he then, "I know it wouldn't be a sin
To choke her while they're choking me this way,
He showed to us the way to choke a man so he would stay,
Quite choked and cold until the judgment day.
The words he spoke were few, and in that last moment or two,
A-coursing down his mealy cheek, so white,
A tear was trickling slow; I heard a sob, ashamed and low,
He loved her, though she tricked him to his plight,
And gave him up to swing (you will agree a sordid thing
For any one to do to one so true).
One grand was her reward; his was a length of hempen cord,
Six feet of earth beneath the sparkling dew.
They put a hempen rope over his head with whispered hope,
His scrawny neck would maybe saw it through.
The parson came and went, and then the trap was sprung that sent
Cole Younger to his home up in the blue.

So here and now, dear friends, my little fable sadly ends,
Of how so long ago Cole Younger died,
And in the wind he swung. . . .
My moral's this, in brief, that you will surely come to grief
When to a woman's ears you things confide
For which you might be hung.

Lament

By L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.

Ah, sweet little violet,
Firstling of the spring,
Snow is on the ground yet;
Clouds are hovering.

Did you leave your snuggy nest—
Did you venture here
In this world of dreariness—
With a sigh or tear?

Life incarnate, surely you,
Like dull winter's morn,
Have sublime delights but few,
And they—of sorrow born.

Inheritance

By Herbert Hucks, Jr.

From the "Roving Bohemian's" way
Many of us here enter—
Just to find continually present
A new protector—our Alma Mater.

Men from every walk of life,
"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing"—

Not that way—all through the strife—
But from Wofford's rich inheritance borrowing.

Pointed upward—calling upward,
Her noble spires stand
As a continual reminder of the
Path of a true life—the path of Man.

So, dear protecting, inspiring College,
"Of the arts and sciences"—now a home—
To thee we all pay humble homage,
When, reverently, we bow before thy dome.

The Modern Miss

(With apologies to the author of "Barefoot Boy")

By W. C. Herbert, Jr.

Blessings on thee, modern miss,
With lips a-tilted for a kiss,
With rouged cheeks and powdered nose,
High heeled pumps and silken hose.
Jaunty are thy ways and airs,
Thou art free from noisome cares.
Well you know how to decoy
A dozen lads by being coy,
And when they think they have you fast,
You've let them hang on to the last,
Then you drop them one by one
Just as you to me have done.
Then you just skip away anew,
With perchance one fond adieu,
Playing like you're unaware
Just how much we really care.
But truly, dear, there's one defect,
It's rather easy to detect.
Indeed I sigh to think of it,
You're awf'lly dumb, I must admit.

The Mill Man's Evening

By George Baker

The busy day is over, the fire-fly
Swiftly flits,
The gray-haired father smokes his pipe,
And by the fire he sits.
The room is plain, and warm, and cozy, though
Simple it appears,
Yet in its walls there's peace and joy,
And love with a fear.
There's no touch of wealth and pomp
And riches' pride,
But simple life, and simple fare, the things
That foolish deride.
He has no wealth and social life, with all
Its dizzy flight,
But by his fire the Mill Man sits, and
Calmly smokes his pipe.
He talks of the day that has just passed,
And of its trials sore,
How the job was hard and dirty, and how
The hours wore.
He dreams of easier, better days, when tasks
Won't be so hard,
When he won't have to labor o'er spinning
Frames and cards.
As the evening hour passes and it's time
To go to bed,
The family Bible is brought to him, and the
Evening chapter read.
Perhaps from John's love gospel he reads
God's loving heart,
Then he exhorts his family to live and
Walk upright.
Then round the family altar they bow
Upon their knees,
His voice, both strong and resonant, sends up
Their humble pleas.

For health, for warmth, and clothing, and food
They have to eat,
He thanks the Lord, and asks His grace,
To keep them always meek;
And sins committed 'gainst God or man he asks
Him to forgive,
And that tomorrow each may strive a nobler
Life to live.
From the evening prayer they arise and bid
Each other goodnight.
The Mill Man's day is over, but ere
The morning light
His soul will still be striving against
The odds of life,
Each day still finds him struggling—his soul
In constant strife.
Through all his life he has worked and done
His very best,
Yet for the wrongs and ills he suffers there
Is no redress.
Yet to faith, and faith alone, in a great
And living God,
He still has faith that his brothers, kindred
Of the sod,
Shall bring to pass that age-old ideal so noble
And so grand,
That man won't live for selfish gain,
But for his fellowman.

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EDITORIALS

The New Year

JANUARY ushers in the New Year, 1933. The name itself is very interesting. Janus, the old Roman God, was always represented with two faces, one looking backward and the other looking forward. The feast of Janus opened the New Year, and the first month of the calendar became January.

As we stand on the threshold of this new year, let us, too, look backward and take stock of our failures and our successes, in order that we may profit by them. George Eliot has said, "Our deeds shall travel with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are." While this is true, it is also true that these experiences can and should prove stepping stones to higher things.

The future is before us, and if we do our part, all will be well. Never has there been greater opportunity for sharing our blessings with our fellow man. If we are true to ourselves and to those who are sacrificing to give us our chance, if we lend the helping hand, then the future will take care of itself.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Richard F. Cecil.

Anent Things in General—

Dear Joe:

The old college's percolatin' along about the same's usual this year. Of course we miss your rosy countenance an' wisecracks —but what with 150 freshmen, we oughta be able to get at least one laugh a mo. Speaking of laughs, I saw your girl yesterday — wait a minute — it was somethin' she **said** that caused the aforementioned mirth. Y' know, she was up here from Winny for the week-end. Well, to go on with the story: she was having a mighty big time Sat. night, that was when I saw her, see? Boy, she sure did look like a honey! I said, to myself, of course, "I sure do envy Joe for having a girl like that." Anyway, while we were in the process of elucidatin' our respective likes and dislikes, I just happen to mention Winny. Well, does she like it? You guess. I kinda think she didn't, 'cause she turned up that cute little nose o' hern and turns to the table whereon sat the life of the party. Thinkin' about you and all your high ideals, I thot I'd better remonstrate. So I kinda politely asks her why she wanted to do like that. Again she turns around, and kinda haughty-like she informs me that she's gotta get a lotta happy memories this week-end—enough to last her

till spring holidays, because she can't come home no more. She won.

But I don't wanta talk about your girl all th' time, even if she does warrant it (thank me, boy). There's a lot more serious things to rave about. Politics, f'r instance. Now, I don't care about politics a tall, but I guess I've kinda had to rehearse myself, because there're gobs and gobs of astute politicians roaming around this here campus. I could tell you about some recent student elections, but it might sound a little bit kittenish to you —and far be it from me to intimate shady actions among our mutual pals. I guess, tho, corrupt national politics are explainable after all. The logical outcome. You know what I mean.

Well, girls is girls, and politics is politics, or vice versa, but I don't wanta waste my last sheet of paper discussing only that. Not when other things merit a word (or two, s'il vous plait), viz., these week-end trips we all like to indulge in occasionally. I'd even liketa ramble down and see you some Sunday, but inasmuch as I'm not quite old enough to be out on my own, I can't just up and come. Meaning: us young fellas hafta be pertected to "shield us from all harm." So, Joe, I don't reckon I'll be seein' of you 'till June sixth. I guess I c'n stand it that long.

Gotta quiz tomorrow; better study (yeah!).

Sure, I onct took German, so

Auf Weidersehen,

ED.

Learning to Live versus Living to Learn

To a superficial observer, these two phrases appear synonymous, but a careful analysis reveals worlds of difference. I take the stand held by Herbert Spencer, and agree with him when he says: "Learning was made for life, and not life for learning." To "learn to live" is one of the foremost essentials of education —no life can be full, complete, unless it has first learned to live. A difficult accomplishment, not the mere gathering of knowledge, but the synthesis of what has been gathered. It has been said that "knowledge is power"; I disagree. Alone, a mere conglomeration of knowledge cannot possibly be power. It is the synthesizing and correlating of this material that makes for real power.

On the other hand, those adherents of the "live to learn" doctrine claim that life is nothing more than a seeking after knowledge. All one's life should be dedicated to this pursuit. Only in this way can ultimate happiness be attained. These perpetual seekers after knowledge ignore Spencer's maxim altogether—they are the type that insist that knowledge alone is power, and set themselves out to acquire this knowledge regardless of all else.

If life were relegated to the mere search for this knowledge, the ultimate goal—happiness—could never be fully reached. All life would be a striving after something unattainable. We would "live to learn," but never having learned to live, life's greatest satisfaction—the sense of something accomplished—could never be realized.

CONCERNING THE FILMS

The place of honor this month goes to the Barrymore-Burke-Hepburn combination for their excellent acting in "Bill of Divorcement." The play concerns the return of an insane father (John Barrymore) to his home after fifteen years spent in a government hospital. The wife (Billie Burke), who had divorced him years before, is just preparing to remarry. His daughter, too, had been contemplating matrimony until she learned that there was a streak of insanity in her family. The appearance of the father throws affairs into chaos. Ultimately, the wife goes ahead with her plans, while the daughter, afraid to marry after what she has learned, remains at home with her sick father.

The acting honors are decidedly Miss Hepburn's — a newcomer to the screen. She overshadows both of the veteran players, although they do excellent work. The show is obviously hers.

Despite the fanfare and ballyhoo which heralded "A Farewell to Arms," starring Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes, the picture itself proved disappointing, except in one detail—the acting was splendid. The picture was taken from Ernest Hemingway's well-known novel. A drawn-out "impressionistic" tramp across a blood-spattered battlefield, while duly "impressionable," somehow failed to click.

Miss Hayes rendered an especially fine piece of acting as the fated war nurse.

Tallulah Bankhead's latest film, "Faithless," shows its star in her usual and characteristic role of a wealthy woman reduced to circumstances which can only be met in one way. It seems strange to me that the big movie moguls have consistently cast this excellent actress in the same type picture. Although Miss Bankhead handles these parts very creditably, they are always unsympathetic—the actress hasn't yet been given a real chance to prove the ability that made her the toast of London.

The sizzler, "Red Dust," co-starring Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, also falls a little short of its pre-release ballyhoo, although it does pretty good. Mr. Gable portrays a tough rubber plantation manager, Miss Harlow, a woman of easy virtue, who breezes in for no particular reason—apparently. They fight, fume, and wise-crack through the entire show, but finally realize that they're "birds of a feather." Okay.

"Call Her Savage" marks the return of the "It" girl, Clara Bow, to the screen. Gone, however, are the "hot-cha" days. Miss Bow emerges as an actress. She plays the part of an uncivilized western wild-cat, who just can't acquire a social veneer. She is afflicted with the bad habit of letting her temper rule her. The picture slows down considerably in the middle, but eventually reawakens and bursts loose again.

Clara Bow plays the part excellently.

J. R.

EXCHANGE

"THE CONCEPT"

The Fall issues of "The Concept," Converse magazine, are marked with a distinct, aristocratic and journalistic appearance which is to be commended. The October number has variety, and among the outstanding contributions was the drama, "A Lady of Color," in which negro dialect was well treated. The prevailing element in contemporary drama, the fantastic, was reviewed in an essay by Martha Cover. A number of poems by Mary Louise Dargan added to the number.

With autumn as the theme, the Harvest Issue reveals some good nature poems. The best of these are "Sonnet to Autumn," "I Thank Thee," and "Party."

"THE CRITERION"

The Fall number of "The Criterion," Columbia's magazine, is very colorful with its feminine air, but the contributions were all too brief. The poetry department has used several new styles for writing poetry which does not have a good cadence. One, however, is worthy of commendation — "Desires," by Francis Morris.

"THE ARCHIVE"

The November number of "The Archive," Duke's magazine, contains a new and forceful type of writing. "I, Murderer," a fantasy, and "Autumn Light," a poem, written in blank verse, are very commendable. The material of the magazine is well organized and balanced.

The December number contains an especially good Christmas drama, entitled "Waitin' ", in which vivid character pictures are given. The best poem of the issue is "Mona Lisa." The magazine carries a very good book review.

"THE PERISCOPE" SUPPLEMENT

The literary supplement to Coker's "Periscope" is sadly lacking in literary productions. It contains only a few sketches and poems. A drama and a few more short stories would add tremendously to its value. For consolation, however, the supplement contains a commendable poem, "Frozen Firs."

"THE JOURNAL"

The Winthrop "Journal" won the distinct honor of being the best literary magazine in the State at the South Carolina College Press Association meeting held at Greenville prior to Christmas holidays. "The Wofford Journal" extends congratulations to Winthrop, but we regret that the exchange department has not yet received a single "Journal" from Winthrop. A response from this publication would be highly appreciated.

H. Lee Smith

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THE LINE THAT FAILED

By John B. Cannon, Jr.

According to George's personal conception of himself, his most valuable asset was his irresistable "line." With ten minutes of private conversation, he could have even the fairest of the fairer sex in the palm of his hand, but more often in his lap.

George was in his state-room packing his trunks in preparation for the end of the voyage the next day. He paused in the midst of his task as he picked up a group of photographs. From each of the ten pictures smiled one of the victims of his "gift of gab." He had made ten trips between the two continents, and for each crossing he possessed a photograph to remind him of each of his ten triumphs.

Glancing at his watch, he suddenly realized that he was late for his date with the most recent of his victories, and marched on deck with an air of self-contentment. He soon found her reclining lazily in a steamer chair. At his approach, the girl's face suddenly became a living proto-type of the mid-day sun emerging from behind a cloud. Her beaming smile showed that she was conscious of nothing other than George's presence.

"Hello, George!" she greeted. "Have a seat. I haven't seen you in so long!"

"Not since this morning," George replied in his most musical intonations. "It has been exactly three hours, twenty minutes, and thirteen seconds since you left me this morning. I have counted every second, and every second has seemed nothing less than an eternity."

"You were five minutes late for our date," said the girl.

"Five more minutes of eternity while I struggled with my cravat, striving vainly to make my appearance in some small way suitable to a companionship with you."

"Oh, you darling flatterer!"

"If this be flattery, my dear, then 'tis merely the expression of man's vain attempt at description of heavenly beauty which is utterly incapable of being phrased in the language of mortals."

"Oh, George," sighed the girl, "tell me again that you love me."

George reached artistically for her responsive hand and squeezed it gently. "My dear, I love you more than life itself. When I think of the empty hours that I spent on this earth before I met you, I wonder how I existed at all. Surely, there must have been some sub-conscious premonition of our meeting that kept me alive, my dear."

For three hours, "my dear" listened attentively to the ever-flowering words of her companion. When the girl left to dress for dinner, she was like a maiden bidding her lover farewell for the last time.

"Tonight," said George, "is the last night that we shall have together before the ship lands. Will you meet me once more on the deck beneath the moonlight?"

"Of course, I shall be there as usual. Please don't be late."

"I shall be waiting long before you are there."

Throughout dinner that evening, George watched the girl as she dined with the Captain. Indeed, she was the loveliest of all his victories. He even felt a little pity for her.

Later, beneath the moon, George, in his artistic manner which he had used so often, led the girl to believe that he would always love her, without saying it in so many words. Elizabeth vowed to love him always, and they parted, each triumphant. Elizabeth, because she believed that she had found romance; George, because he had added an unquestionable victory to his laurels.

The next morning the girl was busy supervising the packing of her trunks, and George did not see her. He went up to the captain, with whom he had become quite intimate. After talking about the weather, the trip, and other introductory subjects, George finally got into the subject of himself.

"Captain," he said, "I feel that I should thank you for a most successful voyage. It has been most profitable and amusing to me."

"Glad you liked it, my boy," replied the Captain. "Is it your first trip across?"

"Oh, no, I have made five trips back and forth. What I mean is—I have a little hobby which I enjoy on every trip across, and I have enjoyed it on this trip more than on any other. I earnestly believe that I have attained the epitome of my art."

"What is it? Checkers, bridge—"

"Nothing of that sort. It is, I admit, a very unusual hobby. On the first day of the trip, I select the girl whom I think the most beautiful on the boat. Then, I arrange to meet her, and then I try to make her fall in love with me."

"I see. You have been trying to get married and you've been lucky this time. Congrat—"

"Oh, no, Captain. I have practiced my art on every trip and I have yet to fail. Matrimony is not my object."

"Oh, I see now. You want to have them in love with you just for the fun of it."

"Precisely, Captain. And that is why I say that this is my most successful trip."

"Boy, how do you do it?"

"Merely by my skill at phraseology, known in the vernacular as a 'line.' "

"Who is the girl on this trip? I have been so busy that I haven't noticed my passengers very much."

"Well, she has brown eyes and—er—oh, Captain, you know her. She dined with you last evening."

"What! Elizabeth! Er—er—and you say you don't like her but she loves you?"

"Of course, I don't like her. To me she is just another successful experiment. Why, Captain, what's the matter?"

George felt himself suddenly seized by two strong arms and hurled violently over the rail. The next moment, he realized that he was in the water. He came up gasping and shouting.

"Help! help! I'm all wet."

"You're telling me," shouted the captain, glaring over the rail.

"Help! Throw me a line!" George cried.

"I thought you had a line," replied the captain, still glaring.

At that moment Elizabeth appeared upon the scene. Seeing the object of her affections

struggling in the water, she rushed to the captain, and seizing him by the collar, shouted, "Why, what on earth is the matter, Father?"

"OLD JOHN"

By T. Marion Bennett

I WAS born at Reidville, S. C., in June, of the year 1870. I am of good parentage. My father served at the front with Lee and Jackson. My mother stayed at home and worked hard to help take care of the family.

In 1872, my father and mother died. It is my belief that overwork killed them, but some do not agree with me. As you notice, I was only two years old when this unhappiness came into my life. Although I do not remember my parents very well, I will never get over being left an orphan.

After my parents' deaths, I went to live with a kind old man, Mr. Stephens. He and his wife are now gone, too—God bless them. At his house I was well cared for. I well remember how proud he was the first day he took me to church. On the previous Saturday he washed and greased his best buggy. Early Sunday morning he got me up and began getting me ready. He did all he could, and even combed and brushed my hair. Then the thing of things. He dressed me up in a brand new outfit. How I did strut and step high! Both of us were feeling fine, and we took our time so that everyone could see how swell we looked.

One night Mr. Stephens told me that the next day we would go to Spartanburg, a town some fifteen miles away. I was greatly pleased, and hardly slept a wink all that night. The next morning we set out. Along about noon we came in sight of Spartanburg. I was amazed and overjoyed because, you see, this was my first long trip. After dinner, Mr. Stephens finished his business and we started home. Now there was one thing Mr. Stephens did not like, and that was for a carriage or wagon to remain in front of him. On the way home, he thought he saw a carriage some distance ahead. He started whipping, and we started going faster and faster, and all this time the old man was getting madder and madder, because it seemed that he would never catch the distant object. Finally, he stopped the carriage and sat mopping his brow and panting hard. Then he took off his glasses to wipe them and found out that the "distant object" was only a speck on his spectacles. It was all so ludicrous that even I enjoyed his embarrassment.

Some years after this trip, I had another strange incident happen to me. I was out in the front yard when I heard a faint rumbling. I could not imagine what it was. Gradually it became louder and louder as if some terrible monster had broken his bonds. Then the noise became a roar, and, on looking down the road, I saw the most terrible

sight I had ever seen. Coming up the road amidst a great cloud of dust, I saw what seemed to me a black carriage, but there was nothing pulling it. Instead there was a terrific roar and a terrible amount of confusion which was unbearable. I was terrified. I ran. First around the house and then out into the field where Mrs. Stephens was picking cotton. I ran up to her and she started quieting me and telling me that there was nothing to be afraid of, and that I would not be injured. After some time I finally quieted down. This was my first experience with the automobile. But I am quite used to them now, and also to the airplane.

If you are ever out at Reidville, stop by and see me. Any one will tell you where "Old John" lives, for you see I'm just an old mule, named John.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

By Herbert Hucks, Jr.

ABBEVILLE District, South Carolina, was the birthplace on March 18, 1782, of John C. Calhoun, a man who was destined for a great life.

Securing as good an education as was possible at home, he soon went to Yale College, where he was graduated with distinction—especially in law. He returned to his native state to get his start, and was admitted to the South Carolina Bar in 1807. Soon people realized his ability, and saw in him something which stood out above the others, and, as an appreciation, elected him to the South Carolina Legislature, where he served two terms.

But he was destined for higher office, for his people elected him to the United States Congress in 1811. He was beginning a long and useful service.

Trouble with President Jackson soon occurred—trouble which got him in hot water. He believed that Jackson had disobeyed orders in the invasion of Florida, and he stuck to his convictions. He was never Jackson's friend after that. Nor was there any love lost, for Jackson reciprocated this hate.

Soon Calhoun began to be recognized as a great statesman. Believing, as he thought best, he began the great doctrine of states rights. At least he can be spoken of as America's greatest doctrinist. Every one has his opinion, but only few are able to force it on other people. That is just what Calhoun did. And the people loved him the more for it.

He loved "his" people! Believing that the tariff should be made law—for his own interests—he tried to pass legislation to that effect. But upon hearing that his people of South Carolina saw that it was injurious to their commercial interests, he immediately became a free trader and forgot the tariff.

When the War of 1812 was brewing, Calhoun saw that the administration of govern-

ment was too slow, and that if immediate action were not taken, possibly England would overrun the United States. He advocated a quick declaration of war. Monroe, realizing Calhoun's power, placed him on his cabinet as Secretary of War.

Leading on as an advocate of States Rights, Calhoun would argue every day in the Senate Chamber on subjects which his noble mind would dictate to him. He proposed to have two presidents—one for the North and one for the South—but this was defeated—for the good of the nation. Always keeping his humble friends at heart, he tried to make and have passed laws which were suited best to their interests.

Possibly the trouble with Jackson could have been averted, but had Jackson offered to compromise, Calhoun "might have killed him." From the very beginning of his life he hated compromise and half-measures. He was a man! He stood for equality with his fellow-man.

Day by day Calhoun's importance grew, and he was loved more by the people at large as time rolled on. The haughty—in a fine way—and defiant spirit of Calhoun led him on; and, even in times when things looked dark for him, he was not crushed. When he became sad and sullen, the more uncompromising he would also become.

Trying, after the Mexican War, to consolidate the South as to slavery and secession, he also consolidated the North. He became more dictatorial. "Now yield an inch," he said, "we are lost." Can't you picture a man, pounding his fist on the Senate chair and proclaiming his rights? He lived for his people, and for his people would he remain.

Still trying to divert war and yet protect the South, the South's "Grand Old Man" was slowly growing old. Bent in figure—but yet with that resolute look on his face—he would hobble in and out of the Senate Chamber, always holding the admiration of his fellow Senators. His intellect never failed him, even in his last sickness. Henry Ward Beecher had written an article asking and possibly explaining how certain subjects could be healed, such as: "Slavery is Right; Slavery is Wrong; Slavery Shall Live; Slavery Shall Die." When read to Calhoun on his dying bed he commented on it and said that Beecher knew his subject and would be heard from again. True words Calhoun spoke—as he had already become famous as a prophet. But even in this he still thought of the welfare of the people.

Still struggling, still fighting for Constitutional Rights, Calhoun went to bed, but still waging his fight. Writing speeches as never before had he written or spoken; he would have them read to the Senate. And now when at last he saw that the equilibrium had been destroyed and that the South would have to secede he prepared his "4th of March" speech. Brave man! The North even loved this "Great Commoner."

And so when March 31st dawned, little did it dream of the spirit which it carried away. For, some time that day, the great spirit of John Caldwell Calhoun passed to its reward, leaving behind its influence and love and fellowship for his fellow-man.

EPILOGUE

Thus you lived, John C. Calhoun, unselfish, keeping the rights of your people at heart. Although some called you one-sided, because of your views on secession, while you knew a state could not secede without war, you went unflinchingly into the fight, and for the love of your country, fought for what you believed right. Authorities say you were selfish—did not like the tariff—but now that thought is dismissed from their brains and a thought of love, loyalty, and respect—long due you—pervades. You led a glorious and hard fought life, and in the end conquered. You lost some of the love of the people by not seeking high office, but endeared more hearts by refusing to do so, knowing you could not fight for your people and rule. And when you died, and as your soul slipped into the beyond, a great spark of life sped by—glowed, and was gone.

Remembered now and recalled by appreciative minds.

OUT WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS

By T. H. Diseker

STRANGE things happen in this old world, but of them all, the story I am about to tell is the strangest.

Mac Moran was born with withered legs, dried up legs that would evidently never have any vitality.

His father, being an osteopath, began to manipulate his son's legs and massage his son's legs even while the latter was still in the cradle, vainly striving to get the virile blood that flowed so abundantly in his son's chest and upper extremities to flow into his legs. After days and weeks of incessant massaging and manipulating these limbs, a partial circuit of blood was noticed in Mac's withered legs. The father, seeing this result, renewed his labor with an intense zeal, knowing that once the blood had made the full circuit in the boy's limbs it would continue to do so of its own accord.

When Mac was two years old, his father had accomplished this feat, and by constant manipulation and use the withered limbs grew with an inordinate rapidity so that by Mac's third birthday he was ripping and romping as other boys of his age.

Mac's chance of making good in the world seemed to be equal or superior to that of the other children, for just as he had had a deficiency of physical faculties at birth he seemed to have a superfluity of them now. All who saw him marveled at the blueness of his eyes, his ruddy cheeks, and his superb physique. Even the most minute connoisseur could never have told that the boy had once had a marked physical defect. In truth, everything pointed favorably for the boy, for not only had he a remarkable physical prowess, but he had manifested a precociousness extraordinary for a lad of his age. But alas, nature does not choose things singly but rather by two's and three's.

The father had been so engrossed in regaining his son's ability to walk that he had neglected to develop his speech. When this was undertaken, it was found, to the horror of all, that Mac could only utter the deep gutteral tones so common among the anthropoids. This deeply aroused the father to take his son to the greatest throât specialists of the land, but all to no avail. Some physicians attributed this abnormality to the boy's deep barrel-like chest, others to the larynx, while some maintained that it could have been a concomitant with Mac's previous physical disorder; but whatever the theories, none could alleviate the malady or supply a remedy.

It is true the boy could articulate his sounds, but they were deafening, and he was unable to modify their intensity.

Mac excelled his comrades in all physical feats; this superiority was also manifested in the classroom, but here all of his communication with others was forced to be in writing. He was never allowed to say a word. By his comrades, Mac was idolized as a hero, for indeed he was one, but they would all shrink back in horror whenever he uttered a sound or began to speak. All of the girls were fond admirers of his athletic ability, his masculine physique, and his clear blue eyes, but this admiration changed to horror once he had opened his mouth.

Only those who have had physical defects and experienced the caustic remarks and cutting glances can truly sympathize with Mac's humiliation. If he was to enjoy the company of his comrades he was forced to remain forever silent. This was almost asking the impossible for one born to be a leader and give expression to his feelings and emotions. Thus Mac was forced to take up some outdoor activity where he would not be so constantly thrown into contact with other people, and, having a mechanical frame of mind, he naturally turned to aeronautics.

Mac was at home in the cockpit from the very first. From the beginning he would make long solo flights, skirting through cloudbanks and out again, now swooping low to terrorize a flock of grazing sheep, again soaring up—up above the clouds, up where the blue begins, up among the pale blue ozone where heretofore only the eagle had dared to tread.

Mac Moran lost himself in his new occupation. He flew in all kinds of weather, all hours of the day; he flew for the sheer love of flying. He flew until the whole village wondered what it was about flying that had so completely dissevered Mac Moran from his old tendencies and enthalled him in his new hobby. Many were their conjectures concerning this mystery, but all of them remained to be proved.

In many of these escapades, Mac forgot himself and soared until his fuel gave out and he was forced to make some spectacular landings. So spectacular were they, in fact, that the nation marveled at such an indomitable courage that repeatedly took up flying again after such hair-breadth escapes.

Every mail that came was laden with fan mail, offers for stunt pilots, and studio contracts for the dare-devil Moran. He accepted a rich contract with a Hollywood firm and was off immediately.

Upon his arrival there, he was informed that his job was to wreck airplanes—wreck them under all sorts of inconceivable circumstances and situations. For this, he was to be the highest paid man in Hollywood. In short, Moran was to do all of the dirty work for the heroes in the films, while the latter were to get all the glory for it.

Mac, on account of his hideously discordant voice, did not mingle with the film colony, but could invariably be found tinkering around his ship. He preferred to be his own mechanic. When not tinkering with the motor, he could be seen flying aimlessly up and down the pathless skies as if holding lonely soliloquies with himself or the birds. Each time after landing from one of these solos there seemed to be a merrier twinkle in his deep blue eyes than was there before his taking off, and his whole body seemed to be more invigorated.

When questioned concerning these solos and his seeming soliloquies, Mac invariably feigned he had lost his voice, or had a similar malady, and the reply was never given vocally —only written, if at all. No one in Hollywood had ever heard him utter a sound.

Although Mac ignored or pretended to ignore the other members of the film colony, especially the actresses, nevertheless the latter did not or could not ignore him. He had been invited to every outstanding social event of the colony, but had always graciously declined, pretending a sore throat, or a similar ill.

Of the many actresses, only one had ever crossed Mac's mind. That was Elsie Dee, the idol of all filmdom, and the heroine of all the sex warfare themes.

Mac hated to see her dragged before the public in such obscene and sordid pictures for which the public is always clamoring and which invariably draws packed houses.

He never voiced this opinion to Elsie Dee though; in fact, he had never even spoken to her, for how could one with such a gutteral, blood-curdling voice speak to such a lovely creature. He was just another of her innumerable silent admirers.

While in the process of making one of the pictures, it happened that some of the latter scenes were scheduled to be shot out among the canyon wastes of the Colorado River. Elsie Dee was the heroine, and to cap the climax, Mac was to crack up a ship on one of those boldly protruding boulders, miles below which the Colorado River roared and tumbled on its way to the sea. By chance or purpose, Elsie Dee was to fly up the valley with Mac to the scene where the episode was to take place.

Both Mac and Elsie were elated at this coincident, but neither gave any outward manifestation of it.

The scenes leading up to the airplane crash were difficult to stage, so that they required a great deal more work than had been anticipated. Then, too, everything imaginable had happened during the shooting of this episode. First a windstorm had blown down a quantity of the studio's paraphernalia, and then the weather. It was sweltering hot—so hot, in fact, that the characters could not even look their part, let alone act them. Thus, scene after scene had to be reacted and "shot" again and again.

The weather and the monotonous repetition had put the whole cast in such drab spirits that it would have been impossible to have gone on with the film had it not been for Elsie Dee. Her effervescent personality had instilled in all the others a dogged determination to see it to a finish. No one had ever seen such scintillating brilliance as Elsie had shown in this picture, and all knew that, once complete, this film would be the high-water-mark of the year, and probably the decade.

Of course Mac was not affected by the drab repetition or the hot weather, for he was only an onlooker. He never said anything anyway. If he had any feeling, he kept it to himself. Nevertheless, the cast could not help noticing that his blue eyes had shone with a darker glow ever since the beginning of these scenes, but no one thought anything of this.

Mac, dressed in his sporty flying togs, looked more the part of a hero than the real hero in the picture, and the actresses could not help admiring him; many of them caught themselves gazing wistfully at his masculine physique.

During these days, Elsie herself seemed to have added just another touch to her inordinate natural beauty. In truth, the whole company had remarked that she had never looked so chic before.

The first day on flying out to the canyon, Elsie was quite alarmed at Mac's habitual silence, before taking off and after landing; but after the return flight that afternoon this uneasiness was quickly expelled.

The succeeding days, though dull and monotonous for the rest of the theatrical company, passed quickly for this pair.

Every evening they would make long detours along the way before returning to the hangar, flying aimlessly up and down the heavens; now soaring up-up-up, where the blue begins, then swooping down like a thunderbolt through the layers of air and lighting gracefully as a swan on the sodded fairway, and all done for the sheer love of flying. When Mac went to assist Elsie from the cockpit, the heaving of her breast, her sudden quick breaths and the burning gaze of her rich blue eyes, all betokened a deepness of feeling incapable of expression. She tried to murmur something, but her voice lodged in her throat. She cast a furtive glance into his steel blue eyes, and then darted quickly away. He understood. There was a mutual understanding.

The other members of the cast noticed the long plane rides that Elsie and Mac were taking, but thought nothing of them. No one had ever seen either Elsie or Mac speak to the other. Mac never spoke to anyone, and they knew that the two could not possibly converse with one another above the roar and the din of the triple motors.

The cast, inspired by Elsie's zeal, had finally completed the last scene before the "crack up." Upon the completion of this, the director gave them a brief rest until the following day at noon, stating that the "crack up" was to take place then, and until that time the camera men would be busy setting up their apparatus near the inaccessible boulder into which Mac was to dive.

Mac's flight with Elsie that evening was longer than usual, and by some uncanny

means he had asked her while flying to have lunch with him the next morning just before he flew out to dive into the boulder.

That evening, when he offered his hand to assist her from the cockpit, she seemed more seriously affected than at any previous time. Her heart looked as if it were going to pound out of her supple breast. She dared not look at Mac, her heart was burning so within her.

She took his hand, faintly squeezed it in alighting, and sped away in the darkness.

Mac, dressed in white tailored togs, had been waiting some time in the Riviera, an exclusive Spanish garden, when Elsie appeared at one of the French doors and started toward him, clad in one of those splashed, formless, diaphanous things that have charmed men of all ages. His heart at the sight of her flamed up and burned as smelted ore. He led her to a dainty table in one corner. All this time Elsie had been fondly wondering whether that stuff that rippled under Mac's togs was really muscle. Truly his form rivaled any god's.

"I have been wanting to speak to you for weeks—ever since we began those last scenes," she began.

He remained silent; only the twinkle of his eye connoted his assent.

"It's about you," she continued, struggling to suppress her emotions, "and the 'crack-up.' Something might happen and you might be—" She did not utter the last word.

All this time his eyes had been feasting on the lovely form of this seemingly animated Venus before him—her rounded neck, plump arms, and eyes that connoted a night of sleepless unrest. He was burning furiously within, a burning caused by the oldest and most animated flame. His throat was dry. His hands crept closer to her pink-tinted fingers that were idly fingering the Madeira coverlet, suddenly enveloping them in his own.

She tried to suppress the tingling sensation that pervaded her body.

She began to speak. Her words were broken.

"I was going to say. I mean—you can't—you might be—"

Mac could not control himself. He forgot his vocal abnormality. He tried to utter something comparable to the soft murmur of Elsie's melodious voice, but only his hideous gutteral sound issued forth.

She drew back, wild-eyed and terrified.

Before she knew it, Mac had reached the other end of the garden and was striding out the door.

While she was sitting there recovering from the dreadful experience, she heard the motor of an airplane start up; heard it race down the runway and take off. She looked at her watch. He had just enough time to reach the canyon and execute his nose dive. She must stop him before it was too late. She ran out the door of the Riviera just as his plane was disappearing in the distance.

The barren wastes of the canyon, a wrecked plane and a limp body flashed before her eyes. Then all was blackness.

. . . . . .

"Oh! Only a crushed arm and a gash in his neck that will probably leave him speechless," replied the doctor.

"And the girl?"

"Oh! She is all right. Only suffering from a nervous fright of some sort. She requested to be put in his room in order to be there when he came to."

Mac, amid yards of bandage, slowly opened his eyes and found that he was gazing directly into those of Elsie's, for she was beside his bed the moment he began to rouse himself.

"You," he said in a soft trembling voice, so low that it made him startle.

"Say it again. Please say it again," pleaded Elsie, the tears starting in her eyes. "The doctor said that you had a gash in your neck and you might lose your voice," she continued.

"My voice? I have lost it," replied Mac in the same tremulous tone.

"Oh, no you haven't," she replied, with her face so close to his that he could feel the hot tears as they dropped on his cheek. "That's the same murmuring voice with which you talked on those long flights we used to take returning from the canyon. Then, as it was wafted back to me above the din of the motors and the roar of the wind whistling through the wings, it sounded as it does now, like the gentle murmuring of the pines or a slowly running brook. Then it set my heart aflame as it does now, and my whole soul poured out toward you. It manacled my speech, my heart, and my soul."

His arm slowly encircled her bosom. Their eyes met—then she buried her head in his bandages. He had done the seemingly impossible—he had wooed her in his plane.

APPARITION IN GRAY AND BLACK

J. R.

ONLY two tables away she sat—at first the serious-looking young man being served by Waitress No. 4 paid no attention to this gay apparition. Women didn't interest him—not any more. Hadn't his one and only just told him he was too—too—unromantic, ungablesque, docile.

J. Courtney Harrelson pushed away his plate, lit a cigarette while waiting for desert, blew a puff of hazy blue into the atmosphere, glared sullenly at his fellow diners. The gay apparition in gray and black two tables away at first merely arrested his eyes in their inclusive sweep of the room . . . pretty . . . other countenances glared out of the void that was the Royale Tea Room. Casually, indifferently, his eyes flitted back, unconsciously, to the figure in gray and black. By God! she was pretty. His gaze crystallized. He became vitally interested. The burning eyes on her back caused the insolent phantom to turn. That glance! Sparkling pools of blue met his—fluttered self-consciously, closed. The half-smile on the lips faded at the unexpected encounter. But too late; he had caught sight of those dazzling dimples. "And then his heart stood still." She turned again to her

companion. The little black hat cocked tantalizingly over her right eye swished up its feather at the interested spectator. A deep inhalation almost choked him. Waitress No. 4 said, "Pardon me," took his plate, substituted vanilla ice cream. But the gray and black back was dancing up and down to the merry cadence of the gay phantom's laughter. Forgotten cream! He dawdled with his spoon—unconsciously—fascinated. A queen! "She's—she's—luscious." Suitable word for the voluptuous beauty of his apparition. Boy, for a date with her!—Wonder—just—how—far—she—. Waitress No. 4 interrupted: "Anything else? Your check." He sat. Waitress No. 4 was wise: "Yeah, she is pretty." He started. Began to gulp his cream. Waitress No. 4 was also diplomatic—she disappeared. For a fleeting moment he forgot his docility, his unromantic nature. Here was adventure—in gray and black. He almost screwed up his courage to the accosting point. But he was he. Why she—she was—ideal. His heart skipped a beat; she couldn't be leaving! But she was. Gracefully, without a backward glance, this gay apparition was drawing on her coat—getting up—leaving. Two tables away a stunned pair of eyes sat watching—watching the gray and black that was this gay apparition pass through the door and fade into the black that was the night.

THE POWER OF MUSIC

CONTRIBUTED

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils.
—Shakespeare.

BEFORE reading any further in this, the writer asks that you put to yourself this question: "Have I ever felt the real power of music?" Now that doesn't mean the power of music to do good or ill, but its ability to lift one completely out of one's present sphere. Many music lovers have discoursed on the capacity of music to do good or evil, but I ask this question from the standpoint of the layman who knows nothing whatsoever about music: "Has music ever taken possession of you?"

The writer can remember only a few occasions when such experiences occurred to him. The experiences were both thrilling and unpleasant. Though the reaction produced was the same in every case, the music which produced it varied. Usually, however, the music was weird and uncommon. In one case the singing of Schubert's "Erlkönig" upset the balance of the emotions. Let me describe this upset.

I had been listening very intently for some time when some particularly beautiful harmonies were struck. I felt the hairs at the back of my head rise slightly, a curious tickling was felt all over my scalp, the shoulders moved slightly, muscles became tense, a cold sweat broke out on my brow, a distinct chill

was felt around the backbone, heartbeats became irregular, varying with the cadence of the music, the blood drained from my face, and thoughts ran through my brain in a kaleidoscopic fashion. And then the spell was broken. It had lasted only a few seconds.

A program rattling, a person stirring, a cough, anything which serves to disturb this ectasy of sounds, brings one back with a jolt. And the awakening is as harsh as the spell is exquisite. One feels disgusted with everything, and a slightly empty feeling is felt in the pit of the stomach, then a general lethargy follows. The music has become sour, one hears bad notes now and then, and the evening is ruined. It is very fortunate that the experience does not occur often.

The appearance of this phenomenon is very irregular. Although the writer's reaction was the same in every case, the reaction of other people may be entirely different. But if one really feels this tide of emotions, one readily identifies it.

One thing to note is the type of music which produces it. It is only the great music which can strike to the depths of man's emotional nature. Jazz cannot do it; not even the semi-classical can reach it. It takes the greatest compositions of the masters to set up these sympathetic vibrations. Indeed, music has power, a great and awful power, over the human frame. It takes a terrible power to loose these surges of emotion, and I am glad to have felt this surge, even if it gave me nothing but the realization of the puissance of music.

ANIMAL MATTER

(A Burlesque on Man's Inferiority)

By Frederic R. Atkinson

WHEN Adam, the pioneer, made his royal advent on earth as first man, he looked around with a sort of disgust and repudiation at the habitation which had been so generously provided, and immediately set about to make changes and improvements. His first venture was to make a provision for companionship. Per his request, a woman was made and given him to suffice that need. The result was that he endowed a long line of succeeding generations with an instinct of dissatisfaction with existing conditions and a desire to make drastic improvements.

Vast volumes of historical episodes now tending to crowd our libraries tell only of man's mastery of earth, his accomplishments, wonder and lust. Newspapers of the day bring us tidings of man's current activities, inventions, and mastery of every phase of art and science. He has girdled the globe, transformed our material surroundings into majestic parks and palaces, and made excavations for artificial lakes and waterways.

All resulted from Adam's misery in the garden.

However, history and newspapers have done us a great injustice by revealing only one side of man—his superiority. They have conferred so many compliments upon our ancestors until we have become indeed proud of them. They would have us believe that some of their powerful blood has been handed down to us and now trickles in our veins. The result is simply a superiority complex. We are not what they would have us think we are. Let us reveal the other side—man's inferiority, worthlessness, and nothingness.

Our only value lies in the immortal soul and its supplement, the mind. Aside from these, we are mere particles of animal matter, struggling for existence. Chemistry has made an accurate analysis of the composition of the human body, which we shall as nearly correct as possible try to estimate the value. First and foremost, the sixty-five per cent of oxygen is absolutely worthless. The eighteen per cent of carbon is worth about five cents for fuel. The ten per cent of hydrogen is worth about one cent. The combined per cents of nitrogen, calcium, phosphorous, and potassium would make about four cents worth of fertilizer. There is about one cent's worth of sulphur, enough sodium to make one-half cent's worth of salt, two cents worth of chlorine to be used for poison, one cent's worth of magnesium, enough iron to make a penny's worth of nails, and merely a trace of iodine, fluorine, and silicon, amounting to approximately fourteen cents, and would hardly bring five cents during the depression. It is indeed hard to conceive of Hoover, Lindbergh, Ford, and especially one's self, being worth only five cents, nevertheless man must yield to facts. The few who do realize their worthlessness take advantage of the opportunity and sell their bodies for fifty dollars to laboratories to be used for experiments before expiring.

Man is the strangest of all contradictions. He comes into the world without his consent and leaves it against his will.

During his visit on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contrariness and misunderstandings. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up. If he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a check he is a thief, and the law raises the mischief with him. If he is a poor man he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich he is dishonest, but considered smart. If he is in politics he is considered a crook and a grafter. If he is out of politics you can't place him, and he is an undesirable citizen. If he talks he is a gossiper and his tongue is his ruination; if he doesn't talk he is a dumbbell and quite unpopular. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away he is a sinner. If he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he does not he is a stingy tight-wad.

When he comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; while he stays all want to kick him; yet when he leaves they eulogize him. If he dies young there was a great future before him. If he lives to a ripe age he is in the way and only living to save funeral expenses. After all there's no wonder that poor Adam was dissatisfied!

CAMPUS POETS OFFER

On Gazing at Her Lovely Portrait

By L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.

Sweet Cupid is my Muse tonight.
He led me here
And proffered me this easy chair.
He fetched this parchment white.
He thrust the poet's magic pen
Into my eager hand; and then,
He placed before me—heavenly sight—
Her lovely portrait, 'neath the bright
Caressing radiance of the light.
A verse to Love, he bade me write.

I gazed on her, and, lost in bliss,
Could find no word to write.
Gentle Cupid saw my plight,
And bending near he whispered this:
"Indeed, a lovely maiden there.
In her a tender beauty lies.
It sparkles from her silken hair;
It laughs from out her azure eyes;
Oh! you're a very lucky youth."
I shook my head—I knew the truth.

Sweet Cupid bade me write again,
But I was lost in black despair—
Her loveliness but caused me pain!
Cupid whispered in my ear:
"She has a soft majestic air.
Methinks that she is well aware
That she doth hold your wounded heart
In her fair hand. Oh youth, I pray
That, tho her love may elsewhere be,
Her fondest tears shall flow for thee."
I wept—and Cupid went away.

Philosophie Pessimistique

Contributed

Millions—billions—of rushing souls,
Hating, fighting, loving, hurrying—
To what?
Like millions of ants
We watch our fellows
Ascend—falter—fail—
And profit not.
On their failing heels
We mimic.
Ascend—falter—fail—
Others profit not.
Unceasingly, each day
Brings its crop of unbelievers.
"I'm gonna try!"
They try. Ascend—falter—fail!
One rare case arises—
Look! A man is climbing—
Writhing, struggling, stumbling—
Sacrificing all joys, everything
To success!
Years roll by.
He's still climbing, climbing—
Youth fades.
The top!—He reaches the peak!
A momentary blaze of glory—
Then steps off the narrow pedestal—
To oblivion!
"And the Gods look down—and laugh!"

Shadows

By J. W. Norton

Shadows—shadows a-creepin' all a-roun',
Shadows—shadows a-marchin' up 'n' down,

Got me a-shakin'—tremblin' in mah shoes.
Shadows—shadows, ain't never known befo'
Dat dey could be so doggone dahk 'n' low.
Dem shadows boun' ter bring some awful news.
Why, Liza Jane, mah little baby coon,
Look at dem clouds a-blottin' out de moon.
O honey, come close inter yo' pappy's arms.
Shadows—shadows—shadows. O Lawd, don' know
How come dey crowd aroun' mah Liza so.
But don' you fret, pap'll keep away de harm.
Jes' see dat thing a-slidin' 'roun' mah door!
O Lawd, jes see 'em crawlin' on mah floor!
You, Liza! whar am you, honey chile?
O dem shadows, dey done a-slunk aroun'
'N' stole mah little Liza Jane I'll boun'!
O Lawd—O Lawd, whar am mah honey chile?
O dare you is, a-hidin' neath de bed,
Why, chile, you nearly had me out mah head,
How come you treat yo' pappy so, mah deah?
Why, honey, 'tain't no need to be afeered,
Why dem shadows, I 'low, am mos' as skeered
Of you as you is skeered of dem, mah deah.
How come I'm shakin', honey, in mah knees?
Why, Liza, deah, I guess de Lawd jes please
Ter make mah knees do dat-er-way, but 'tain't
Becus' I'se skeered o' dahk and dem shadows,
I ain't a-skeered o' nothin', de good Lawd knows.
Don' tell me dat I'se skeered, becus I ain't!

Now what was dat a-moanin' in de shed?
You, Liza, make some room beneath dat bed!
'N' listen ter dat suckin' soun' down in de bog!
O Lawd, you knows dat I been 'tic'lar nice,
'N' honest, I'll—why, I'll quit shooting dice!

What's dat a-comin' in de door?
A-moanin' 'n' a-carryin' on?
A-scratchin' on de floor?
A-whinin' in dat skeery tone?

Well, I'll be blest! 'Tain't nothin' but mah ole houn' dawg!
Now, Lawd, perhaps,
Since dare warn't no need of me ter carry on lak dat,
If I shoots craps
Tomorrow, 'twouldn't be no sin, since I'm so broke 'n' flat?

To G——

CONTRIBUTED

I breathe it softly, oh so softly,
Breathe it whether far or near,
In hopes 'twill linger softly, softly,
Linger in your pretty ear.

From the pine trees, softly, softly,
Wafted from the breezes' lair,
Will come the whisper, softly, softly,
Do you care,—do you care?

From the ocean, rushing, gushing,
Borne upon the Southern air,
Comes the whisper, hushing, hushing,
Do you really, really care?

Thus 'twill whisper, softly, softly,
Every day, though dark or fair.
The words will echo, softly, softly,
Do you care; oh, do you care?

In some far off day or night,
As I wait in drear despair,
Some lilting breeze or flower bright
Will bring me answer that you care.

The Aged Tree

By George Baker

A tiny seed fell in the woods,
  Up sprang a sturdy tree.
A woodsman came and dug it up
  And planted it beside the sea.

By the sea in winds and storms,
  Where the watery waves rolled high,
And the sun beamed hot and sultry,
  From the arch of the pale blue sky.

The violets grew beneath its shadow,
  And none were shaken from their rest;
Upon its boughs the birds found homes,
  And in its branches built their nests.

The days, the weeks, the months rolled by,
  The years and the decades passed;
The violets were sheltered from the storms,
  And the birds from the wintry blast.

The roots of the tree were deep in the earth,
  And they held on in whirl and strife;
The limbs stretched forth their leafy hands,
  Full of strength and vigorous life.

At last when it was gnarled and twisted,
  From years of patient, faithful duty,
The woodsman turned to look upon it,
  And no longer saw courage, or beauty.

"Your hours are passed, your days are spent,
  Younger trees have passed you by;
For you the ax and the tall wood-heap,
  For you the winter's fire."

When flames were leaping and dancing high,
  And the smoke from the burning waft on the air,
Only the birds sang a sad low song,
  And only the violets shed a tear.

And so it is in this our day,
  Only the simple appreciate worth;
Other trees saw this one's plight,
  And stood unmoved as he fell to earth.

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EDITORIALS

Is the College Literary Magazine Doomed?

THE accusation has been sounded that the American college literary magazine is fast becoming extinct—that the "College Comic" is absorbing all the so-called campus talent. Is such an accusation justifiable? In glancing through several college periodicals, I must admit that apparently the trend is toward humor rather than literature. In the rush and bustle of the manifold activities that engross the modern student, there probably is little time to be given to serious effort. I do not necessarily mean by "serious efforts" deep scholarly treatises on life, or unreadably profound essays; but I mean plays, short stories, sketches that, although they may be light and enjoyable to the average student, do not appear entirely flippant.

Humor has its place in every phase of life—should have. The college magazine should include humorous articles, but to go exclusively comic is unnecessary. For, after all, cheap humor can be bought at any newsstand; most any reasonably bright person can throw together a few puns, jokes, slams at fellow-students. This is no manifestation of talent—the kind of talent a college magazine should foster. To me, a college magazine should be "a presentation of the worthwhile sentiments of the best minds of the campus."

Ed.

Putting Off

The time for publication draws near. I find myself asking the same old question, what shall I write about. Write, I must. I am fully conscious that it is a duty devolving upon me, and I have no desire to shirk any responsibility. But somehow the inspiration does not come. I wrack my brain, but all in vain. My muse refuses to aid. I grow panicky, and, snatching up my pen, I begin writing furiously. Laugh if you will, but how many of you have had the very same experience? Now, the question is how to avoid this last minute rush in writing? We all know. Edward Young sums it up in his often quoted words, "Procrastination is the thief of time." Writing is no exception to this rule. Select your subject; think it through, and immediately express your ideas in your own way. When the task is done, you are glad that it is over, and you can feel at ease.

Richard F. Cecil.

EXCHANGE

Magazines received by the Exchange Department this month are either from coeducational institutions or women's colleges, so the writer in the beginning wishes to acknowledge that there has been some trouble in discriminating between literary values and feminine expressions.

The prevailing style, especially with poetry, is brevity. Short sentences, phrases and words are put together rather irregularly, but taken as a whole do produce the desired effect.

The best magazine received by the department is the February "Archive," of Duke University.

"COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON MAGAZINE"

Decidedly the outstanding contribution of Charleston College's December issue is a drama, "Apple Parings." "Pagan Youth" is a commendable poem in the field of romanticism.

"THE EROTHESIAN"

The Christmas number of Lander's magazine is valuable only for two contributions: "The Jeweled Dawn," a short story, and "Some Aspects of Modern Education in South Carolina," an essay. The former is a remarkable attainment in local color and dialect. The latter is a very informing essay on South Carolina's educational system, its history and present mechanism. The essay could have been a masterpiece if the collection of facts had only been used as a basis for argument. The writer fails to enter into the work with her ideas. There is no conclusive statement concerning the destiny or fate of the system, which now, along with everything else, is being revalued.

"THE PERISCOPE SUPPLEMENT"

In searching to find some good quality which Coker's magazine possesses there is only one word which can characterize it—"personality," a temporary amusement of the semi-humorous type. In the sketch, "Jus' Wondering," we are still left wondering what would be the result of her interesting experiment in human nature. "Make Believe," a strictly conversational story, deserves mention.

"THE CAROLINIAN"

"The Carolinian," magazine of the University of South Carolina, which has been the outlet of mirth and wise-cracks for the past year, has changed its policy by request of faculty members. The change is very commendable, for formerly the magazine seemed to be out of step with the times. In 1927 the frivolity might have been appropriate, but in 1933, who is it who does not feel that "life is real, life is earnest?"

"THE ARCHIVE"

The Poetry and Book Review issue of Duke's "Archive" is a rare collection of literary expressions, especially to have evolved from such a materialistic atmosphere. Melancholy romanticism, the mood which has always produced the best literature, is

the prevailing element. "A Sonnet to Sorrow," the title of which reveals the thought, is the most commendable.

And here is the influence of materialism in a transcendental poem which was produced by Leslie Albion Squires and Seth Hinshaw working in collaboration, "Thoughts on a Chapel Tower."

"Escape," a poem with a decided human element, is no less worthy of mention.

"THE JOURNAL"

Winthrop's magazine now rates first in South Carolina. The following taken from the December issue has been selected as the best poem received by the department:

Lost Ecstacy

Oh, why must I be mute and trite
When my whole soul is full and light?
Ecstatic thoughts o'er simple things,
Confined within like useless wings.
A crooked limb—a broken bough,
A field of wheat—a man and plough,
A shaft of light—a star's fine rays,
A clouded mist—a purple haze.
A piercing note from some wild bird,
A meadow deep—a lowing herd,
A silver silence—aftermath,
Such fleeting thoughts across life's path!
Oh guide me to some magic key
That shall unlock and set me free,
From silent force that stays unsprung,
From mighty songs that stay unsung!

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VALEDICTORY

EVENING

Purple mists rise from the valley,
The sun sets in gold array,
Sons of Wofford homeward sally,
It is the close of day.

—George Baker.

THE BURNING EFFECT

By F. R. Atkinson

THE sun beamed down upon the calm waters of the mighty ocean. Across the sky drifted a few lazy, fleecy clouds. There is an inlet along this coast which, during high tide, affords ample fishing-grounds for fishermen.

Stretched out on a frail pier as targets of the sun's rays were two lads in their early 'teens—George Oliver and Albert Grant. Proud of their growing physique and brown skin, and tempted by the mysteries of sea, they nurtured within a desire for adventure. Below lay a long, gray motorboat adequate for cruising and fishing parties.

The conversation drifted from "Robinson Crusoe" to "Treasure Island" and other sea tales until finally George intimated the temptation.

"Isn't that sea wonderful looking?" he said, as the two stood up, gazing far out upon the majestic blue waters.

"Yes, and some day I'm going out as a mariner to seek adventure. I'm gonna be a sure enough Robinson Crusoe. Just wait and see," predicted Albert.

"But why wait? I'm in a sort o' notion I want t' go out now. Just for a little trip so we can make like we're mariners goin' on an expedition t' search for treasure. Wouldn't take a dare, would you?"

"Gee, I'd like to, George, but I can't."

"Can't! Can't why? Snap out of it, baby; you'll never be anything if you're afraid. That's what my Dad always said."

"But—but listen. Dad's on a spree this morning. He's gone off and I can't leave Mother."

"On another spree, eh?"

"Y-yes."

"You know, my mother says I mustn't ever touch liquor, cause it weakens the heart and burns up the stomach."

"You're right, George; I've never seen any good in liquor."

"But, here, this isn't gettin' us any where!" implored George, putting on his shirt and crawling down the ladder into the boat. "Come on and let's take a spin. We'll be back in time for dinner."

Albert deliberated, but trusting the promise of his friend, he slowly descended to the boat.

"It's O. K., then," he agreed.

George cranked the motor and in a moment the boat buzzingly moved from the pier out into the channel of the inlet which led to the ocean. Along the sides of the channel were tall groups of sea-weed on small islands inhabited by various species of watery insects. The two venturous boys took turns at guiding the boat although George contended he was captain.

"You know, I've heard that there's an island not so far out, but don't know just where," remarked Albert.

"Gee, that'll be fun to find it. No tellin' what's on it.

The sun was now moving slowly across the azure sky, hiding occasionally behind the increasing clouds. There was a gentle breeze which relieved the penetrating heat.

The boat was in the current between the inlet and the ocean. It rocked a little, but the brave lads were too enthusiastic over their expedition to notice it. The veteran boat had faced this current many times, and once again it was successful in crossing the channel and speeding out in the ocean.

When they were about a mile from the mainland, Albert stepped to the front and gazed strenuously in every direction.

"Ahoy, captain, no land yet!" he announced.

"Never mind, we won't give up."

A passionate persistence promoted the continuance of the jaunt at sea. Hours passed. Still nothing was visible to crown their efforts. The salty air created acute apetites and reminded Albert that dinner time had well passed. He urged a return, to which George conceded after failure seemed evident.

"Yes, I s'pose we'd as well turn 'roun'."

They turned the boat in the direction of the mainland, which could hardly be seen. But the motor became weaker. It popped stammeringly. Finally, it became completely exhausted and would operate no more.

"Gosh, George! What's happened?"

"Albert, we're in for—! There's somethin' wrong."

"I'll bet the gas is out."

They rushed simultaneously to investigate and found the source of the trouble.

"All gone!" exclaimed Albert, "nothing can be done. Just hope that the wind will blow us in."

They looked at each other in painful distress. The wind was not in motion—all calm. The sea was still.

Thus they sat with bowed heads. Occasionally one would walk back and forth nervously as though it would help the desperate circumstances. Hours passed. Afternoon came and the wind still refused to render any assistance.

As the shades of evening blended across the western sky, heralding the advent of night, the two still sat with bowed heads. Occasionally Albert gave vent to his gloom in the falling of tears. But soon that was not sufficient, and so he burst forth in wails.

George tried to continue his pretention of bravery, but his plight was all too evident to restrain the flow of tears. Few were the words which passed from their lips, for they realized that nothing could be done. Once Albert was seized with the emotion to scream forth and blame George for leading him into what now seemed tragedy, but they had long been friends, and such an act would be to no avail in that crucial moment.

The pangs of hunger and thirst were becoming more and more acute as the shadows of inevitable night hovered over the forlorn boat. To add to their miseries, there was not even the cheerful rays of a friendly moon to offer companionship. No wind would spring up to drift them in, though fortunately, there was none to drift them out. They could not sleep. Sea-sickness, that dizzy, nauseating feeling grasped them. Finally they lay down with arm around each other, leaving their destinies in the hands of fate.

With the first rays of day, George awoke, stretched helplessly and implored for divine help.

"Oh, God, this is awful, this is awful! It's terrible. Oh, God, help us. Oh! Oh!

It's—" and there was a pause, for his eyes fell upon several bottles in the fish box.

"Gasoline!" he said to himself gleefully without disturbing the peace of his mate. He poured the contents quickly into the tank and started the motor.

The sound of the motor appealed to the ears of Albert. He awoke and rushed joyfully to his mate.

"How'd it happen?" he inquired.

"By discovery," George remarked as he raised a couple of bottles in display. The bottles were familiar to Albert. He put one to his nose.

"Just as I expected."

"What's that?"

"Liquor."

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

(Awarded First Place in Wofford Oratorical Contest)

By C. Hugh Watson

HIGH among the snow-capped Alpine peaks there was once reputed to have lived an archer, named William Tell. Whether this character, as glorified by Schiller, ever really existed is not important. The real point is, that there among those Swiss mountains many centuries ago lived a race of simple, honest, unassuming people, struggling against the hated bonds of a foreign country. There flickered Europe's tiny spark of freedom.

The history of mankind has been the story of the forward march of democracy — the exaltation of the common man. This onpressing wave of freedom has swept over the whole Western World since the close of the Middle Ages, and it has lifted the common man to unthought of heights.

At every great crisis in the world's history, the triumph of right has been due to the unfailing honesty and courage of the ordinary man — to the patriotism of the masses. Her victories tell the story of the forward progress of humanity, and chronicle the events leading to the freeing of the majority from the domination of the chosen few.

It is not strange that on the crest of this high tide of democracy was found the greatest race of people that ever existed, the English-speaking people. It was in the cool, free breezes of the north German forests that our Anglo-saxon forbears first conceived the infant idea that all men are born equal. "Let the governed govern," has always been the true Anglo-Saxon heritage.

It was in defense of this that on June 15, 1215, the barons gathered beside the Runneymede and forced an obstinate king to acknowledge their rights. Slowly but steadily, the Commons seized the reins of government, till finally, in 1688, England thrust aside a papal threat, and let the world know that the power of government was in truth vested in the Commons.

Freedom to participate in the government under which he lives has always been sought

by man. Some sort of a democratic rule has by instinct been striven for.

When England sought to impose unfair taxes upon her thirteen American colonies, they rose in rebellion. Then came Columbia's contention—a world-challenging document from the pen of Jefferson—proclaiming throughout the eternal files of time that all men are created and born equal. A century later, a great Englishman, speaking in the spirit of England, sang forth to his nation:

> "What wonder if in noble heat
> Those men thine arms withstood,
> Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught
> And in thy spirit with thee fought—
> Who sprang from English blood."

Led on by the pioneer spirit of the frontiersman, our country grew and prospered. Our great nation is not a product of the wealthy northern business man, nor of the so-called landed aristocrat of the Old South. The real spirit of Americanism is found in the aggressive, home-seeking men and women who first opened regions at our west. There, amid the wide-open spaces, generations were brought forth learned in the simple virtues of faith, courage, and honor.

Time passed, and the sections drifted apart. A bloody war ensued, and an even more bloody reconstruction was forced upon the conquered South. But the land of cotton arose once more to fight the good fight of democracy—to retake her government from the hands of an inferior race and the Northern Vandal. The spirit of the Old South rose again, to beat life into a new, industrial section, not based upon certain infamous practices of the ante-bellum days. No longer was the landed aristocrat the backbone of the South. From beneath the ruins of the Confederacy had emerged a new civilization, a commonwealth based upon the integrity of the progressive middle class.

This spectacular rise of the poor whites took an exceptionally unusual turn in South Carolina. Here the forces of the new state found a champion in the picturesque, colorful career of Benj. R. Tillman. He was inspired with the zeal of a crusader, and his mission was to free the poor white people of his state from the domination of what to him was a hatched-up, pretentious aristocracy, that had once almost disrupted a powerful nation.

It is useless here to try either to condemn or justify the contributions of Tillmanism to South Carolina. That has been profusely done. But one thing is of much importance. It is this: the democratic move which culminated with the reforms of the Tillman era did more for education than the old order of aristocrats had done in two centuries. Not only did secondary education receive attention, but it was Tillman who was the moving spirit behind the establishment of Clemson College for young men, and who, for the first time, seriously turned the attention of the state to higher education for young women. Winthrop College today stands a towering monument to his gigantic effort to lift from the mud the position of our young women. The truth is, that the old Southern gentleman did not desire the child of the poor white man to be educated. The very stability of the old order depended, economically and

socially, as much upon the ignorance of the white masses as upon the enslavement of the African.

If the purpose of democracy is the most good for the most people, if Jefferson were right when he wanted the burdens of government to rest upon an intelligent, educated electorate, then the Tillman move of the nineties was a glorious event in the annals of South Carolina history. If it were wholly wrong, then democratic government and education are evils. At any rate, this completed the move for a real democratic government in this state.

Throughout the ages, man has sought to obtain the right to rule himself. Finally he achieves it, and makes his realm and reigns.

Even today, we are confronted by the contention of some very able men that popular government in South Carolina is a failure. Our legislative halls have degenerated, it is said, into common cess pools of corruption and inability. Our public schools are on the verge of closing, due to the state's financial condition. Lax banking laws have undermined our economic structure. And over the apparent ruins of the once glorious Old South State, nationally known journalists and universities presidents are busy bewailing and damning this government of the people. South Carolina, they say, has forgotten her past glory.

I wonder how long a marriage would be happy if the husband ceased to love the wife as soon as he had won her. Would the Allies have won the late war if they had ceased firing with the first battle of the Marne? Just when the forces of democracy first conquered, the better element began to withdraw. The most able men and women of South Carolina have deliberately forsaken their state, and ignorant, untrained, unintelligent boors have been elevated to prominence in state politics. Our most able youth spend their energies in other and more wealthy states. Popular government in South Carolina has not yet failed, but it is surely doomed if our most able men do not cease to hanker after higher-salaried positions, and subjugate self to the urges of patriotism and service!

The voters of South Carolina must begin a new crusade for the simplification of their state government. Let us have a unicameral legislature of about one hundred able men. Let administrative responsibility be centered in the governor, and not in the several independent departments.

And above all, let there be confidence! There must be faith in the unfailing courage and intelligence of the masses. We must return to the philosophy of Robert Burns, who could sing down in exultation from his native Scotch Highlands that "an honest man, tho e'er sae poor, is king o men, for a' that!" These things can come to pass.

Then one happy day our cynics are going to awake and ask themselves: "Why did I brand a failure the government that could produce men with the patriotism of George Washington, the ideals of Jefferson, the faith of Jackson, and the eternal wisdom of Abraham Lincoln? Why did I misjudge the courage of Andrew Johnson, the fearlessness of Cleveland and Roosevelt, and the intelligence of Woodrow Wilson?" At that day the ideal will have been attained:

"There the common sense of all shall hold a
fretful realm in awe,
And the peaceful earth shall slumber, wrapt
in universal law."

The better traditions of the old order shall become the impelling forces of the new. A new Carolina shall resume her position of past glory, a Carolina whose youth shall be taught to—

"Bear witness with me in my song of praise—
To tell the world, that since the world began
No fairer land has fired the poet's lays
Or given a home to man."

Then in the stillness of the night shall the pessimest, like the Arabian hosts of old, gather up his tents and quietly steal away. Faith, devotion, and service shall reign forever!

SPRING CLASS

CONTRIBUTED

AW HELL, there's the bell. Guess I'll have to sit through old Bluster for an hour. Well, I've five minutes of grace—no need to rush the agony.

I sit on old stone steps and gaze around me. Wonderful weather! Looks just like what old Lowell was trying to get across in his prelude to "Sir Launfal." Nope—he said something about June. Anyhow, it's hot enough to be June, even if it is just mid-April—and it sure is lovely.

Better go on in. Can't afford to miss another class. There's — "ducking" his cigarette. Wonder if he stayed out to enjoy a stolen bit of this glorious sunshine, or just to absorb another drop of nicotine. Never will know.

I stroll listlessly into a long, rectangular room—a room I used to think pleasant, cool, airy. Now it very much resembles a dull, musky prison. Just proves the power that mental state can exercise over the senses. I saunter down the aisle and slump into my seat. Old Bluster doesn't even bother to take his nose out of his silly little book. I glance around the room. Fellows are draped about in every position imaginable. They are even too lazy to talk. I loll back and gaze out of the window on my right. The fact that I haven't studied worries me not in the least. Nobody studies. What does Old Bluster care for studying? Scratch his back so he can purr—that's the way to be sure of a "bullet."

The roll called, Old Bluster eases himself into a standing position. Then, with what he considers a most saint-like smile, he rubs his hands contentedly and declares: "Now, I don't want to go too fast for you fine fellows. So if there's any question whatsoever that's bothering you this morning, I'll take time to answer it right now." What presumption! Some aspiring youth thrusts up his hand and frames a question which means absolutely nothing to him. Old Bluster looks pleased. He purrs: "I don't know if I quite get the

question, Mr.———. Could you . . . Now, don't think I'm stalling . . . I just . . ." The question is voiced again. Old Bluster assumes a very intelligent air. He belches forth words as Vesuvius must have belched forth lava. He waxes eloquent. He narrates on every subject under the sun. Then he ends up: "I don't know whether I exactly got the question, Mr.———, but you'll let that answer it, won't you?" It sounds to me (a very ignorant person) very much as if he has used up his entire knowledge, and is pleading with Mr.——— not to press the question further.

I feel disgusted. I rest my head on my hand and gaze out of the window. A gigantic oak uprears itself at a short distance. I look through the fresh green of its newly-formed leaves at the soft blue of the sky. There is a fluffy cloud like a soft, white featherbed. I doze and dream.

A burst of laughter! I start up. Something going on up at the front. Old Bluster is sprawled on his desk immitating a drunk. He sways and wobbles, his eyes bulge and roll from side to side, and he lisps: "Thass the bess dancing I's ever seen. Com' 'ere, girlie." I relax. Nothing. Just Old Bluster off on "John the Baptist" again. He sure likes to pull that one off. And there are still a few hopefuls who laugh at him.

Revolting! I turn back to my window. What would I do but for it? A frolicsome squirrel is sunning himself on the huge limb. It soothes me to watch him.

Old Bluster's voice comes through: "Friend, did it ever occur to you that maybe God isn't in the grocery business?" I take notice. Old Bluster's just repeating what he said to a troubled groceryman who was praying to God for help. That's funny. I thought God was everywhere. Oh well, I'm just a student. Shouldn't a man pray to God about his business?

Glory—the bell!

THE SOCIAL STATUS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA NEGRO

By D. R. McLeod

ALTHOUGH the negro in South Carolina does not present an acute problem, still he forms a vital part of the state, and his presence extends a strong influence upon it. This has always been the case. Had the negro never lived here, our history would be quite different from what it is; the prestige and glory that was Carolina's prior to the War Between the States would never have been had we not possessed one of the principal necessities for economic security: an abundance of cheap labor. On the back of the negro slave rested the wealth and leisure of a great percentage of South Carolinians, and, during this period of general ease, many men who did much to determine the destiny of this country were developed here. During this period we had our full

share of national leaders in all phases of life —politics, religion, art, science, education, and other fields in which the cultured and intelligent predominated. That was the day of South Carolina's greatness, and underlying it all, forming its basic support, was the negro. Economically, he was the fundamental reason for our security and stability. However, his influence was not in this sphere alone.

Practically all South Carolinians can remember some negro who formed a part of his family and who, invariably, had a moulding influence upon his life. Most of us were reared by negro women who were with us probably more than our own mothers during the period when we were most susceptible to lasting impressions. As a result, the African influence upon the native white of South Carolina is apparent. It shows in our speech, in our music, in our cooking, in our idea of humanity. Perhaps it would not be wrong to say that without the negro influence, a remarkably different society would have been developed in South Carolina.

The negro of today, however, is placed in a position which is not at all like that of his forefather's. Whether he will maintain the beneficial influence he formerly held or whether he will prove a disrupting element in the state, is a matter of conjecture. We can only observe and attempt to find out how the negro, after seventy years of freedom, has adjusted himself to the new environment.

Before the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation, it was illegal to teach a negro to read or write. So the negro, considered as a group, has had only seventy years in which to educate himself. South Carolina in 1930, according to the official government census, had next to the highest ratio of illiterates in the United States, due primarily to the large percentage of negro citizens. This ignorance of the fundamental principles of education has put the negro at a great disadvantage.

There are many tax-supported schools for negroes in the state, but they are existing, and were existing even in more prosperous times, on meagre support. Most of them are poorly equipped and managed by incompetent teachers. This lack of efficient, fully-prepared teachers is due to the fact that there are few institutions where a negro can get an education better than that of the average white. Economic conditions make it hard for many, who are qualified, to enter college. However, the negro, once he has a fair start, has shown himself anxious to gain knowledge; he is willing to make many sacrifices and do, or do without, many things for the privilege of sitting in a classroom. As a result, those who are able to attend a college have worked hard, used every opportunity, and shown that education will develop a negro of more value as a citizen. The fact that a majority of negroes in South Carolina earn a livelihood by farming also tends to lessen their chances for an education. Both races suffer because of the general inattention paid rural schools.

The low standard of education and the low standard of living among negroes are closely and inseparably related because either condition is usually found where the other is prevalent. A poor negro must work long hours at hard labor, and, naturally, he will hardly have high scholastic ambitions. The average South Carolina negro is in the rut that has ever been occupied by the lower

classes—the workers. In order to bring himself out of this rut he must educate himself; to educate himself, he must improve his economic condition, and, since his emancipation, he has done this very slowly. The negro who stayed on the farm and made a bare living has proved to be a much better citizen than the one who went to the city, lured by its glamour and promise of fortune. The urban negro was an asset during prosperous periods when there was employment for everyone, but when production began to be curtailed he was the first to suffer. A large percentage of them, probably a majority, became recipients of relief funds whenever these were available. In South Carolina, a majority of prisoners in town and city jails are negroes. This does not, however, mean that the negro is of a more criminal nature than the white man. The dominance of the latter, even in courts of justice, has placed the negro under a tremendous handicap. This offers further proof that the negro will always remain helpless and dependent unless his intellect is developed to such an extent that he will be able to care for himself.

In the cities, the greatest need of the negro is better housing conditions. Most South Carolina towns have a distinct negro quarter where the inhabitants live in screenless shacks, placed close together, with very little privacy. The communistic use of sanitary facilities and the bare, dirt yard where dogs, chickens and children play together, make hygienic conditions almost as bad as possible. A fire in these negro sections is nearly always disastrous. In Charleston one finds certain streets in the midst of the best resdential sections lined on both sides with negro tenement houses, usually two stories high, extending a hundred yards or more back from the street. In these tenements there are usually about twenty-five families living, surrounded by the most unsanitary conditions. The houses are built of light pine, as a rule, and usually they are old and dilapidated. As has often been shown in Charleston, they burn like dry shingles if ignited. Often an entire court is burned with much loss of life.

The only way to better living conditions among urban negroes is to destroy their wretched lodging places and erect modern tenement houses or lay plans for a negro community designed along lines similiar to our mill sections. Such building will probably have to be done by the municipalities as practically all negro dwellings are owned by private citizens. These owners utterly ignore the needs and conditions of their tenants. They simply collect rent payments and make no more repairs or improvements than are absolutely necessary. More than one leading citizen of South Carolina lives securely on contributions from the inhabitants of his "nigger houses."

The negro who has stayed in the country and worked hard, with little compensation except during times when his products were in demand, has been much happier than his city brother. He lives in an unattractive house, it is true, but he is not surrounded by vice and unsanitary conditions. He sleeps in a warm bed; he has plenty of fuel; enough to eat and his full share of social and religious enjoyment. Usually he share-crops with some white farmer, who, according to custom,

keeps him out of jail, tends to him if he is sick, and sees that he has the necessities of life.

The South Carolina negro, naturally lazy, will do little to better his present condition. It is left to the white man, on whom he is dependent for everything except his religion, to make what progress there is to be made for him. It is argued by some that it would be detrimental to our general welfare if we placed the negro in a position of independence. His attempts to advance himself are irritating and repulsive to many white men. Such men believe that two fully advanced races cannot live peaceably together, and, so far in the history of mankind, this belief has proved tenable. Conflict between two opposing races occurs whenever those races meet and seek to dominate the place they live in, and in South Carolina prejudice against negroes has always been so strong that there is no reason to believe that it will ever cease. On seeing the rise of the black race, the prejudice of the whites will, perhaps, be increased and not abated or forgotten.

But the negro is in such a position that we must ignore all the good principles of humanity if we neglect to help him and bring him to a stage of progress where he will have the opportunity of leading his own life.

INDIAN SPRING FARMS

By C. Morgan Bowen, Jr.

MANY times daily visiting tourists of the highway between Syracuse and Rochester, New York, ask of those living in that section of the state the reason for the name—Indian Spring Farms. It so happens that this is one of the largest floral farms in the world. And the farm has as its location sacred ground which once was the home of the early American Indians.

Flowers had their place in aboriginal life even more than the prominent archaeologists and students of history would think. They were featured in legends long before the white man ever dreamed of searching for a westward passage to India. These legends have come to contribute much to pre-colonial history. The shades of Hiawatha and Minnehaha look down upon the Indian Spring Farms, for this place of peonies and irises once knew their footsteps. These Indian characters more than likely drank many times from Indian Spring.

Right there on the slope of the hill, history was made in early days just as it is being made today. Historians claim that the locality of Indian Spring Farms has probably had as much influence on the world's history as any other spot on earth, because it was the region that Hiawatha founded into the first "league of nations." This date of the first "league" is unknown, being long before the landing of Columbus. The basic form of Hiawatha's contract is said to have been copied and used in the formation of our modern League of Nations.

If you think of Hiawatha only as the

legendary hero of Longfellow's poem, you are wrong. The name was used by Longfellow and improperly applied to the mythical hero of the Ojibwa Indians on the southern shore of Lake Superior. The true Hiawatha of history lived in Central New York. He was a real man, so we learn from the records of Indians, a great statesman, a chieftain and orator beloved by his people. He was indeed a Roosevelt of his day. It is said that an old Indian chief once told Washington that Hiawatha chose as his wife a maiden of the Onondagas—"Minnehaha, whose beauty was as the flowers." Since the day of the real Hiawatha, the snows and rains of more than four hundred winters have swept over the Seneca River and these hills of the Indian Spring where the Onondagas had a large, well fortified village. People pass on the state road below unmindful of the hallowed ground along the hill. A few who see the sign with the name—Indian Spring Farms—do have the curiosity to ask about the strange name. They are typical Americans!

Certainly something must have stirred the sentiments of the Indians who settled on this hillside southern slope, for on those grounds are found the most magnificent specimens of artistic Iroquois craftsmanship in all New York State. Indian Spring Farms has contributed the cream of the enormous Bigelow collection of Indian relics now on display in the Archaeology Hall of the New York State Museum at Albany.

In the early days, the present New York State was inhabitated by the five "nations" or tribes of the Iroquois—the Romans of the New World. Dr. Wright, in his "Introduction to Ethics," says: "The most successful development under the maternal system and totemism known in history is the case of the famous League of the Iroquois. The League originally consisted of five tribes or so-called 'nations'—the Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas, and Cayugas; to which a sixth, the Tuscaroras, later was added. The government of the United States for twelve years was similar to the Iroquois plan." These Indians lived in territories extending north and south, and are now more or less definitely marked by counties, lakes or rivers that bear their names.

About a mile west of Baldwinsville, N. Y., the Seneca River bends to the north and touches the state road, that is a main highway between Syracuse and Rochester. On the north side, the slope forms a gracefully curved and terraced bluff nearly a mile long and reaching to an elevation of several hundred feet above the river. Midway down the wide hill there breaks forth a natural spring of pure cold water. This is the location of Indian Spring Farms. These natural advantages made this a favored encampment of not only the Onondaga Indians, but the early predecessors of the Iroquois, the Algonkians, who lived there before the coming of Christ. For hundreds, if not many thousands of winters, aboriginal huts stood on the vantage points along the bluff overlooking the Seneca River, from which the Indians fished, on whose banks they hunted, and drank the water from this Indian Spring. The "good old days" we now hear mentioned so much were then. Even today the soil on the hilltop clearly defines their lodges, and buried ash-pits mark the spots where camp and signal fires burned for years.

The Archaelogical History of New York State refers to this section as "the center of Onondaga Indian activity, the traditional home of Hiawatha." The word Onondaga has the meaning of "at the hill." The Iroquois were natural artists and sculptors and makers of pottery. They had wonderful ability and appreciation along artistic lines, and there is evidence of inspiration. During the pre-colonial days, the hundreds of acres of hillside now comprising Indian Spring Farms were noted for their unusual growths of brilliant flowers. The local saying of the old settlers is that their forefathers claimed "there were always thousands of flowers of different kinds growing all along where the Indian Spring Farms are now." A fondness for gay colors, flowers and gaudy ornaments has ever been conspicuous with the Indians. They painted their bodies in grotesque designs either to make a terrible impression on their enemies or simply to bedeck themselves in a becoming manner in the eyes of their friends. Whatever their reason might have been, the Indian was the most picturesque of all people. The flower is outstanding in legendary Indian lore. Its petals symbolized the Spirits of the Winds with its eight directions.

The Indians of western New York were accustomed to make an annual sacrifice to the Spirit of the Rivers by sending the tribe's most beautiful maiden over a precipice in a white birch bark canoe decked on all sides with flowers. Throughout Indian lore and legend the flower seems to be the center of things. There is reference everywhere to the flower in the stories of Indian myths. In Indian legends, there is a spirit called Takuakanakan, the god of Motion. He lives in the nodding flowers and rustling branches of trees. He never sleeps, although he comes forth with the dawn and moves on a sailing cloud.

Every flower has its own legend. Let us look at that of the Water Lily. The chief returned from war to meet his future bride, Oseetah. She paddled away from the festivities, because of a vow she had made the Great Spirit, and later jumped into the lake—and the next morning, the lakes of the land were covered with water lilies, now the Indians' emblem of good faith. The legend of the Golden Rod and Aster is also most interesting. An old Squaw lived near a river. All day long she sat weaving baskets. Her tribesmen said she "wove spells"—that she had lived there so long she could never die, and that she had the power to change little girls into flowers. One day two little girls came down the hill to the river to rest. One had deep blue eyes and the other's beauty was golden hair. They were talking about how to make others happy and cheerful. The old squaw called them in and told them their wish would come true. The two little girls were never seen again, but the next day the hillside slope that led to the river was found sprinkled with all kinds of new flowers—and all around down by the old squaw's hut were the gold and blue spirits of the two little girls, golden rod and purple aster.

These myths were believed by the Indians, even as late as the American Revolution, as a Christian believes his Bible. Many of the characters featured in the legends were real Indians, but when the poets immortalized their life's story into verse or prose, they may

have woven in many other beautiful myths to add to the story. The tradition of Hiawatha that Longfellow has immortalized in verse has been said to be the purest legend extant. The famous chiefs, Cornplanter and "Governor" Blacksnake, had memorized the story from the lips of their fathers who had long since departed for the "happy hunting grounds." Both held the legend sacred and told it with an intensity of feeling only to those in full sympathy with the red man.

In the second reunion of the Iroquois at the end of the Revolution, the council was again established near the site of Indian Spring Farms. The council-fire was relighted—and extinguished forever. Thus the oldest confederacy in the world was born and died on the same spot hallowed by the presence of their wisest leader. And now, there lies one of the most magnificent floral farms in the world.

"When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As today they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!"

JAMES H. CARLISLE

By Richard F. Cecil

SURELY all of us know whose picture hangs at the back of the chapel. We also know that while Benjamin Wofford has the honor of being the founder of Wofford College, Dr. James H. Carlisle was the Spiritual founder of the college. Yet, how many of us know as much about the man as we would like to know? Here are some facts concerning his long eventful life.

James Henry Carlisle was born in Winnsboro, South Carolina, on May 4, 1825. His forefathers were natives of Ireland. Dr. William Carlisle, his father, came to America and settled in Winnsboro in 1818. Mary Ann Buchanan was his mother. She was a woman worthy of all the love and respect which she received from her son. James received his early education in the Mt. Zion Academy at Winnsboro. He then entered the University of South Carolina in 1842 as a member of the Sophomore class. When he was graduated in 1844, he was second in his class. He taught for nine years at the Odd Fellows School and the Columbia Male Academy.

When, in 1853, the first faculty of Wofford College was elected, Dr. Carlisle was chosen professor of mathematics. It is interesting to note that he had not applied for the position, and it is thought that he might have preferred some other subject to that of mathematics. But, nevertheless, from 1854 to 1875, he faithfully performed all the duties of a professor. When the president, Dr. Shipp, resigned in 1875, Dr. Carlisle was elected president. He held this office until

1902, when he resigned. A considerable time before this he had given up his professorship and had devoted his time to lecturing on morals and on the Bible. He continued this practice until his death.

Dr. Carlisle had a commanding appearance. He was six feet four inches in height and weighed about one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He had a very large head, and it is said that sometimes he had trouble in getting a hat. He wore long hair and a rather long beard.

He read a great deal. It is said that he could read very rapidly, in fact as fast as one could draw his finger down the page. He was a very interesting speaker and always was received enthusiastically. He was great as a teacher rather than as an executive. Someone said, "Those who sat in his classroom had the blessed privilege of partaking of the very nature of Christ."

Although the most of Dr. Carlisle's life was spent in the classroom, he was at all times a true patriot, serving whenever and wherever duty called. In 1860 he was a member of the Secession Convention, and he signed the Ordinance of Secession. From 1863 to 1864 he was a member of the last Confederate House of Representatives. From then on he never would consent to seek any other public office, for he felt that he could be of more service at home.

Dr. Carlisle died on October 21, 1909. The whole city, State and South mourned the death of a great man. South Carolina had lost her most famous son. "He was ever a spiritual magnet, drawing out the highest and noblest in the young men who came under his influence."

BLESSED BE THE TIE

By John B. Cannon, Jr.

"I THINK YOU are wonderful, Bob." As Phyllis spoke these words, Bob's heart palpitated as it had never palpitated before. All consciousness of other things faded into oblivion as the girl gently but sincerely presented her appraisal of him. He opened his mouth for comment, gratitude, elaboration, or some such sentiment, but discovered that speech under such circumstances was an impossibility. After trying again and having the same results, he decided to await developments. These developments were not long in forth-coming.

"Yes, Bob," the girl repeated, "I do think you are wonderful. You mean as much to me as anything else in the world, and I don't know how I would live without you."

"Oh, Phyllis," was the only comment which his vocal cords would grant him.

"But," Phyllis continued, "I do not love you."

As suddenly as it had started, Bob's heart stopped palpitating. Consciousness slowly returned, and he left the momentary heaven which he had been enjoying and fell back to earth. He had planned for several months to

ask her if she loved him, and the answer, encouraging as it was at the beginning, had a very undesirable ending. Finally, summoning all of his vocal powers to action, and summoning also his memories of moving picture love scenes, he succeeded in mumbling something and the result was: "Phyllis, is there someone else?"

"Yes," said the girl, with a far-away expression in her brown eyes.

For the first time since the beginning of this trend in their evening's conversation, Bob breathed, and this gave him the strength to mumble, "Who?"

Phyllis breathed her turn, and, increasing the distance of the look in her eyes, she said: "I don't know."

Bob breathed again. Receiving no satisfaction from this, he breathed once more. After spending several moments in exercising his respiratory organs in this manner, he opened his mouth, only to discover once more that ability to speak was lacking.

"I don't know his name. He was at the county fair—two years ago—he had a cow," Phyllis enlarged upon the subject.

"A cow!"

"And it won second prize. Her name was Bertha."

"When did you see him last?"

"Not since the fair—two years ago. I only saw him then for about five minutes. I don't know his name or anything about him. All I know is—I love him."

"You love him, and yet you don't know who he was or where he came from?"

"But, Bob, his cow was wonderful. She was a red cow, and she had great big beautiful eyes."

"And the boy—what did he look like?"

"I don't remember, except that he had a red necktie. It was the reddest necktie I had ever seen, and it blended perfectly with the red cow. It was just like the one you have on now—I mean the tie."

"But, Phyllis, why haven't you told me about this before?"

"I have been trying to forget him, but I see now that I have only been pretending. When I saw your red tie tonight, I realized that I love him more than ever."

"How long have you loved him, Phyllis?"

"Ever since I saw him at the fair. I talked to him about the cow. I said that it was the prettiest cow I had ever seen, and he said, 'Thank you.' I stood there looking at the cow for about five minutes, and then Mother called me. And when I went out of the building I knew that he was the one who was made for me. Bob, it was really a wonderful cow and a wonderful neck-tie."

Later, as Bob walked toward the college dormitory, he tried to fashion in his mind some method of destroying himself to the best advantage to all concerned, that is—to him and Phyllis. First, he thought favorably of shooting himself. Then he resolved to drown himself. Finding several flaws in this plan, he decided definitely upon poison. He tried to imagine the effect of his suicide on the girl who had just turned him down. Would she weep, laugh, or would she be indifferent? He decided upon the first.

Then, suddenly remembering that he had some math problems to work, he decided to postpone his suicide until later.

When he entered his room in the dormitory, his room-mate, George, was buried in a book.

"What's the matter?" George greeted. "Girl turn you down or something?"

"No," Bob growled, "No. Well, yeah, I guess so, sort of."

"Oh, well," George counseled, returning to his book, "don't let it bother you." Then, looking up again, apparently resuming interest, "Another fellow?"

"Well, yeah, sort of."

"Oh, well, she'll get over it before you know it and you'll be back together again before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' "

"Jack Robinson," Bob shouted. "I don't care, see? I don't care! If she's crazy enough to be crazy about somebody just because he has a pretty c—, aw, nothing. I just don't care, understand?"

George understood and went to bed, leaving Bob with his math and his other troubles. After fifteen minutes of vainly trying to concentrate on mathematical matters, Bob finally surrendered his thoughts entirely to the matter which was dominating that of the math.

"I don't care!" he shouted to each of the four walls in turn.

While undressing, he paused as he took off his neck-tie, and reflected disgustedly on that article which he had purchased that very day. Suddenly overcome by a fit of anger he thrust the cravat violently into the waste-paper basket, meanwhile giving vent to very disrepectful language directed toward the piece of red cloth which had, as he realized, been the principle cause of the trouble.

"There were blue ties," he shouted to himself. "There were green ties! There were yellow ties! There were purple ties! There were white ties! There were black ties! But I had to get a red tie! And, furthermore, I don't care!"

However, Bob lay awake all that night, caring. He tossed and tumbled, and tumbled and tossed. When he was finally over-taken by sleep, his dreams were haunted by red neck-ties and red cows with great big beautiful eyes.

The next day was Sunday, and he slept unusually late. When he awoke he saw George, fully dressed, evidently just returned from church.

George disappointed Bob by failing to refer to his love troubles. Bob was now in the mood to discourse upon them at length. Receiving no request to do so, he approached the subject on his own initiative.

"George," he said, "you don't care much for girls, do you?"

"Not much," his room-mate replied.

"George, haven't you ever been in love at any time in your life?"

"No, never was. I'm just bashful around girls, I guess."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by a series of shoutings which reverberated through the dormitory. Hearing his name called, George went down to answer the telephone.

"I've got to go out," he explained when he returned. "A friend is coming by for me in a few minutes."

After the few minutes had elapsed, the sound of an automobile was heard and George left. Bob felt that there was something familiar about the horn. He went to the window and looked out, just in time to see George climbing into a car driven by a girl. And the girl was none other than Phyllis!

Bob's state of mind now became suddenly even more dejected than ever. He realized now that not only the girl whom he loved had been untrue to him all the time, but also that the one whom he had believed to be his best friend had been equally disloyal. Evidently he had been taking his girl away from him under cover of bashfulness. And now he had the audacity to have her call for him right under Bob's nose.

Bob spent the remainder of the afternoon continuing his brooding. In the course of his brooding, he arrived at the astounding realization that the story about the neck-tie and the cow had been a farce, created by the imagination of one whose purpose was, clearly, to rid herself of his attentions. Bob had by this time almost discarded the idea of suicide. At least, he was undecided between suicide and murder.

In a half hour, George reappeared in the room. He seemed to be very much amused at something. Bob jumped to his feet.

"Why, you—," he shouted at his roommate, glaring at him angrily.

"Phyllis is down in front of the building," George interrupted calmly. "She wants to see you."

Bob moved slowly out of the room in a reluctant attitude, but when he had slammed the door behind him, he bounded down the stairs, taking three or four steps at a time. He heard George's loud laughter behind him.

"Bob," said Phyllis, after he had seated himself beside her at her bidding, "won't you forgive me?"

"For what?" Bob asked suspiciously.

"I want you to forget what I told you last night. I'll tell you the whole story. This morning at church I saw the boy who had the cow. He had the red neck-tie, but not the cow. That's how I recognized him—I mean, by the tie. He got away before I could tell him I fell in love with him at the fair, and so I called him up this afternoon, and would you believe it, he's your room-mate. I've seen him before with you, but he never had on the red tie. He told me that he found it in the waste paper basket and that he guessed it was yours.

"Well," said Bob, "George is a good boy and I hope you will get along well together. I—"

"Let me finish, Bob. After I met him and talked to him, I found out I don't love him anymore."

Bob breathed.

"And," continued Phyllis, "it's a lucky thing he still had on the red tie this afternoon, because I put my hand over the red tie to see how he would look without a red tie, and when I looked at him like that, I found out that I didn't really love him. Bob, it must have been the cow and the tie."

"But are you perfectly sure that you're not still in love with George?"

"I'm positive, Bob." Phyllis siezed his hand and squeezed it gently. Yes, I'm positive. The cow died."

SPILLED INK

CONTRIBUTED

THERE he sat, writing line after line, scratching it out and rewriting it. Laborously he fit phrase after phrase into an embryo novel. It seemed as if, in spite of all his heroic efforts, that his work was in vain—Damn! To add to his troubles, his pen had run out of ink. What was the use to try to go on anyway? But inspiration came—he settled down for another attempt. Removing the stopper from the ink bottle, he began to fill his pen. Hell! How clumsy! There goes the ink all over the manuscript. The dark fluid, running over the white sheet, sparkled in the light—fascinated him with its odd formations. Spreading into the upper corners of the sheet, it decomposed, forming small, irregular splotches resembling dark islands in a sea of white. His mind wandered far away. He dreamed of glorious adventures on tropical isles away from civilization where he would not be bothered with stuffy rooms and vain attempts to accomplish something. If only he had chosen that sort of life!

Below, looming masterfully above low splotches which resembled small buildings, rose immense skyscrapers. How small they made one's achievements seem. They, the height of perfection of architecture, made the work of so unskilled an artisan seem fruitless and in vain.

Then, as the ink dried, and the sparkle began to leave the fluid, his dreams, too, began to fade. Producing a clean sheet of paper, and leaning over his desk, he again began his struggle with words.

FATE

By T. H. DISEKER

A BOX OF FISH-HOOKS! A box of fish-hooks. What d'ye bid. What d'ye bid!" shrieked the bantering cry of an auctioneer as he held up the last article for sale.

"Ten cents," crackled the dry voice of a lean-faced man.

"Sold! to the man at the gate," retorted the auctioneer, getting down from his flimsy perch without waiting for another offer.

"What's going on here?" I asked, coming up to the lean-faced man by the gate, who had just bought the box of fish-hooks. "Cy Boyle, the captain of industry, the power magnate, would have this conglomerate mob skinned alive if he knew they were running rough-shod over his imported shrubs and crushing the tubers of his prized bulbs."

"Ha," crackled the dry retort of the lean-faced man as he changed the butt of his cigar stub to the other corner of his mouth and peered at me from the corner of his eye, "I

see ye are a stranger in these parts, me lad."

"Not exactly," I replied. "I once lived here—thirteen year ago. We moved away right after Cy Bole had mysteriously made his appearance in this section and bought this palatial estate. No one knew anything about him then or where he came from except that he had masses of money. He said that he was tired of the strenuous life of the financier and wanted to live the rest of his life isolated from the great money markets in which he had once figured so prominently. He said he had been so tied up with money making that he had never known what real life was. He wanted to see life void of money making and to drink the cup of life to its full. But why this clamoring crowd? What is it doing here? They are stripping off everything! Why don't Cy stop it?"

The lean-faced man's eyes glittered. Once more he switched his butt of a cigar to the other corner of his mouth and muttered in low, almost inaudible tones, "He was a captain of industry, was he? He wanted to live a life of ease, did he? Ha! Ha! Ha!" The lean-faced man leered in that same dry, almost diabolical intonation. Then his words became more audible and his articulation more distinct as he continued. "Young man, Cy Boyle feigned to be a mighty captain of industry. He wanted to live a life of ease, but ah—how could he? All his life he had been a fugitive from the law and rival opium traffickers. He had enticed countless thousands to partake of this habit forming drug, had sent many souls prematurely into oblivion, and had sunk untold others into degradation and shame. Cy Boyle had blackened and seared his own conscious. Fate would not permit him rest. Did he think when he had made his pile in the opium traffic he could withdraw, invest his lucrative gain in stocks and live a life of ease on the interest. Things are not so ordained by Him," said the lean-faced man, looking up as if uttering a subdued prayer or curse. At the same time he made a slight gesture, as if crossing himself.

He continued. "You know he never had anything to do with the people in these parts except Old Lady Bray, his washerwoman and sole servant. The old hag was an indefatigable worker. People say that any day in the week that you passed Cy Bole's place the skinny arms of Granny Bray, burnt and seared as a poker from long years of drudgery, could be seen pumping up and down the scrub board washing Cy's linen or scrubbing his tile porches. She looked out for all his interests. She attended to his whims and fancies and pampered his desires. Well might she do this, too, for was not Cy a rich old bachelor, and did not she have a beautiful young darter named Sally?

"The old woman, after toiling all day at Cy Boyle's, would go down the hill in the evenings to the small shack where she and Sally lived. There the old woman would begin the days work over again, often working until the wee hours of the night washing dishes, scrubbing floors, or making some delicate article for Sally's wearing apparel. Sally never turned her hand. Her old witch of a mother thought her hands too precious for such menial tasks, and Sally wasn't the kind to indulge in servile toil.

"All the time Granny Bray was doing the household chores, she was extolling the merits

of old Cy Boyle to her darter, exclaiming what a desirable match he would be for her flaming-haired girl who would soon be sixteen and who already had the bloom of womanhood in her firm sweet limbs.

"Sally heard the merits of a union with old Cy propounded so much that she came to the conclusion that it really would be an awfully nice thing to sleep on snowy white pillows, to sit in over-stuffed chairs, and have untold silks to adorn her supple body.

"If you ever go to marry for money, young man, be sure to ascertain that the wealth is not ill-gotten," said the lean-faced man, peering at me somewhat curiously from the corner of his eye.

I looked toward the Boyle mansion to avoid the peculiar glitter in his eye. From our station by the gate, the house seemed to be in a dreadful state of repair. The shutters had been battered by frequent winds, and the last trace of color on the once well-painted gables had long since faded away. Crowds of people still appeared on the terrace and were going in and out of the large portico with pieces of furniture.

"Granny Bray," continued the lean-faced man in a lower tone, "was not idle in presenting her darter's case to old Cy Boyle. While dusting the furniture near Cy or at other opportune moments, the old hag would comment on her darter's charms or say something of her curly auburn haid. Old Cy reveled in hearing of one so fresh and fair, and frequently asked about Sally. This warmed the heart of the old witch, and she frequently ejaculated that 'she would have Cy as a son-in-law yet, if he didn't watch out.'

"On Sally's sixteenth birthday, Cy invited her up to his house for dinner. The old hag had of course engineered this project, and had ingeniously gotten him to invite a few of his neighbors in for dinner also.

"Sally, on the night of the dinner, dressed in her new bought finery, was indeed a charm to behold.

"Old Cy, overwhelmed by her ravishing beauty, offered toasts to the sparkle of her eyes, to the luster of her hair, and drank her health in a hundred seasons.

"All this time, Old Granny Bray was chuckling to herself over her darter's comeliness and the antics of Cyrus Boyle. Even the elements were in Old Lady Bray's favor that night, for all during the feast a dreadful equinoctral storm had been brewing. Lightning rent the heavens, and a gale suddenly broke on the house of the festive party with such force that the house and all within seemed destined to be destroyed.

"All the guests cowered in one corner of the room, fearing that each blast that swooped down from the heavens would end all. Old Cy alone remained undaunted. He strode up and down the banquet hall gayly drinking to the health of Sally or giving a toast to one of her charms. He declared that no man could exist outside in the raging storm, and that all must be his guests for the night.

"With each drink he became more hilarious. Even the lightning seemed to add to his elation. After drinking every conceivable health to Sally and praising her charms to the heavens, he triumphantly capped the climax by proposing to her, and just as dramatically picked up his flaming haired Venus and carried her away to his room, kissing her ravishingly.

"No one of the guests dared utter a cry or raise a hand, for all knew by the storm outside that none would survive to tell the tale.

"When the storm had quelled the next morning, Sally Bray and Cy Boyle were man and wife by common law.

"Wealth did not make Sally happy. The glamour faded from the snow-white pillows and the overstuffed chairs. It was the old, old story of January marrying May.

"A few weeks after this, Granny Bray died. She had staked her all on the birthday feast of her darter's wedding night, and died peacefully a few weeks later.

Old Cy abused Sally horribly. He battered the soul out of her youthful body. There was no mutual love—only a clammy coldness existed between the two that would chill any heart and dry up any soul. She became a shrew—he a reprobate; both irreclaimable opium sippers. He died of an overdose of laudanum when his ill-gotten fortune was swept away in the crash of '29.

"She lived here all alone as a veritable witch until she was found stone dead in the yard last winter. She, stupified by some narcotic, had gone into the yard to pick some wood for her scanty fire when she fell and broke her clavicle. At the time it occurred, she was evidently in the midst of one of those ethereal opium dreams from which she dared not rouse herself. She froze to death. Rigor mortis had even set in before her body was found.

"The estate was sold for taxes today," said the lean-faced man in a harsh, grating voice, eyeing the last of the auction sale mongers disappear with his recently acquired articles into the gloom.

" 'Twas decreed by the gods that this is the path of all such flesh," philosophized the lean-faced man as he hobbled away with the box of fish-hooks under his arm.

"There's no armour against fate;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

CAMPUS POETS OFFER

MY MOTHER

By George Baker

This is she,
My Mother as she looked when first
I knew her love,
My Mother so lovely and fair—
Fairer than all fair women
To me.
Alert, young, and timid like a fawn
Ready to flee.
Beautiful eyes that laugh and mock
At beryl,
Teeth white and flashing like sea
Blown pearls.
Upon that innocent, earnest face
A calm repose,
Lips that part and smile like a
Sudden bursting rose.
That white throat as graceful as
The swan's,

Gliding in easy grace o'er some
Lily pond.

Her voice, sweet and rippling like waters
Murmuring play,
Her words, soft and gentle like moss in
Loamy clay,
Unscarred, untouched, incredible in
All her faith,
To me the whole embodiment of
True womanhood.

TO———

By L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.

I walked alone with dreams of thee.
I said,
"For her I'll build a rhyme—
For her I'll pen a verse sublime.
I'll gather violets drenched with dew;
I'll borrow of the rainbow's hue;
I'll pluck the sweetest rose of June;
And seek out Love's most pleasing tune;
I'll mix in next the magic light
Which the silver moon exhales at night.
I'll breathe thereon the poet's prayer;
Then, to my love my verse I'll bear
And lay it humbly at her feet.
No other verse can be as sweet."

I walked alone with dreams of thee,
And thy sweet self did walk with me.

I chanced to stop and gaze into
The open, smiling face of night.
A million stars sent beamlets thru;
A pale moon bathed the world in light.
I sighed,
"Ah, there is beauty found.
In truth, real beauty doth abound.
I'll write my love a single line,
And truth shall make its words divine.
'Twill be, 'Dear heart, my love is thine.' "

Thus reasoned I, 'mid dreams of thee.
I seemed alone—you were with me.

SUMMER

By Jos. C. Lynch

When barefoot boys
With cheeks of brown
Roam o'er hills and soft plowed ground;
When little girls,
So happy and gay,
Laugh and sing and play all day—
'Tis summer.

When sparrows chirp,
And robbins sing,
And the schools bells cease to ring;
When the flowers,
Sweet with dew,
Emit their blissful smile to you—
'Tis summer.

When babbling brooks
In wooded land,
Wend their way o'er beds of sand;
When whipporwills,
With notes serene,
Are heard to call from meadows green—
'Tis summer.

When chattering squirrels
And noisy crows
Make their homes in oaken groves;
When tiny daisies,
In breezes still,
Whisper to the daffodil—
'Tis summer.

When trees superb
With boughs inert,
In the twilight seem to lurk;
When azure skies
Are filled with light,
And fearless Thor unfolds his might—
'Tis summer.

SUNSETS

By L. Moffitt Cecil, Jr.

Indeed—a lovely sunset!
Soft pinks, pale gold, light jadish hues
—All hushed in placid grey—
Together in the sky are met,
At close of day,
To build a shrine to peace!
My heart, a reverent worshiper,
Kneels down to pray.

I view, Oh gentle sunset,
The keepsakes of a gentle day
Within thy colored span.
A budding hope—a fond regret—
A clasping hand—
A kindly, sunny smile
That fairly shouts of manly love
For fellowman.

Oh God, I do not know
If I would have my sunsets all
Soft pinks—pale gold. Once, I
Beheld a vivid crimson glow
In yonder sky!
It spoke of stolen kisses.
Like them, it sipped a moment's bliss
Only to die.

TRIBUTE

By F. R. Atkinson

How piteous is the child and rare,
Who, on his venture to this cold, gray shore,
Knew not the tender love of one more dear
Than all the precious things earth held in store!

How soothing is that fond caress,
When lad humbly construes his direful woes
In simple, confidential speech. God bless
The admonition of his tempting foes!

Ah Muse! Thou hast no fonder one
In all thy realm of ecstasy and bliss
Than she who looks with pride upon her son,
And placidly extends a lasting kiss.

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EDITORIAL

Time and the Auctioneer

THE auctioneer rapped with his gavel and cried, "Gold, gold, gold—what am I bid?" From the rear arose a man. "I bid my soul—a soul young, pure, untainted." Immediately arose also a woman. "I bid my body—my beautiful, supple body!" The auctioneer chuckled; portioned out the gold between them; slunk away until the time for reckoning.

An old, gray-bearded man arose from the crowd—advanced to the young couple—pressed his hands lightly upon their foreheads. The heat of youth seemed to cool, their hasty action brought slight misgivings. But the stacks of gold around their feet began to grow. The old man pressed harder—they seemed not to notice him. The young man's face hardened, for the glittering yellow metal was reaching his waist. The woman's body became thin, haggard—but the gold had her shackled too. Everybody left the two alone except the old man. He relentlessly pressed their foreheads as the gleaming tentacles rose—and rose.

The man was godless—he greedily strove to gather the already enormous heap of gold to him. He forgot all but acquisition. The woman lost her beauty; she became as a painted mask—but she, too, clutched miserably for more. Not until the dazzling mass had reached their necks did the two realize their fate. They strove in vain—fought—tried to escape. The old man whose hands pressed their foreheads began to move away. They called to him to help them. But he was gone.

The auctioneer returned to collect his fee; laughed to see his victims so enshrouded. "And did you not profit by the time you had?"

"But we had no time—only these clutching stacks have held us."

"But the old man?" The auctioneer grinned diabolically. "He was Time. He alone could have saved you. You realized too late. Your avarice is now strangling you. My reward!" He shrieked in glee.

"You are—?"

"Conscience! Returned at last to taunt you."

To the Freshmen

Eight months ago you wondered what it was all about—this thing called college. You entered the freshman class determined to accomplish something, to adjust yourself to the vicissitudes of campus life. You heard all sorts of vague allusions to "a freshman's duty," the "honor system," and other matters which at that time sounded strange to you.

Now you know what it's all about. Now is the time to look back over your apprentiship and take stock of yourself—to see if you are worthy of continuing this search after knowledge. One year down and three to go. The real time for readjustment is at hand.

To this year's crop of Freshmen we are indebted for two things—two state championship crowns—in football and basketball. We won't forget it. But this is only one phase of a student's life. You have conquered this one side of campus activity—athletics. Now the thing to do is conquer the rest. College is not hard to beat, but it takes work, ambition. Apply the mettle shown on the athletic field and the world is yours.

EXCHANGE

The editor has received a letter which might be of interest to the campus poets. It follows: "I plan to edit, during the coming months, an anthology of American college and university verse for the present year. I would welcome contributions (preferably short verse not over twenty-two lines) from students of Wofford and thank you most sincerely for cooperation in the project. The book will be a serious and sincere effort to encourage younger poets through a medium for book publication. The volume will be issued, it is planned, sometime in the late Spring at a nominal price. There will be no cash remuneration for accepted contributions, but several small prizes will be awarded, and the book will go to many of America's leading critics and authors

"F. Anton Reeds,
"P. O. Box 256,
"Fort Scott, Kansas."

"THE LANTERN"

Limestone's magazine is very entertaining, with a collection of informal essays. The general appearance is marked with simplicity, and possibly the reader gets a setback when on the first page he sees as the feature article, "Grits and Bacon." The author seems to have written at random and flavored her ideas with a touch of humor.

Another essay, "Behind Closed Doors," deals with campus culture in a very effective manner.

The poems are good, but rather brief. Yet there are those who agree with Poe in that inspiration is rarely strong enough to prompt lengthy poems.

The issue is entirely too local in its effect. The reader is constantly reminded that Limestone is the setting.

"THE CONCEPT"

Converse still maintains her high standard in the production of plays and poems. Roberta Holmes presents most appealingly a short story of unusual worth and substance, "But He'll Come Back Again."

"THE JOURNAL"

From Winthrop we hear that Elizabeth Wiggins, of Holly Hill, will edit the 1933 magazine, and from the March number we see the basis for such a selection. Miss Wiggins scored in the production of an ultra-modern drama, "Savoir Faire." In addition, she has been a faithful contributor throughout the year, and has proved worthy of the impending honor.

Marie Taylor furnishes an interesting insight on "Trends in Modern Music" in an essay by that name.

The magazine contains a very commendable book review. W. W. Ball's "State That Forgot" was condensed into a few paragraphs by Norma T. Flynn. Miss Flynn was well acquainted with her subject.

THE AURORA"

Agnes Scott presents in her magazine several good poems. "Evanescence" and "Fragment" by Ann Bernard Martin are thought provoking. In addition, there are a variety of short stories, revealing much technique.

RESEARCH

In general, college magazines contain an unusual number of research contributions which is quite characteristic of the prevailing literary period. Creative works are less significant. Someone has termed it the "Inventory Age," and one has only to read awhile in the periodicals to see evidence of it.

H. Lee Smith

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